FUN

NEW SERIES

VOL. II

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED (FOR THE PROPRIETORS) BY THOMAS BAKER,

80, FLEET STREET, E.C.

TO THE READER OF THIS VOLUME

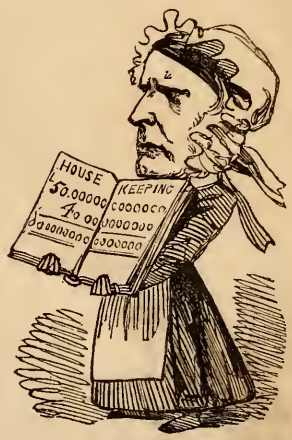
Kindly handle this book with the utmost care
on account of its fragile condition.
The binding has been done as well as possible
under existing conditions and will give reasonable
wear with proper opening and handling.
Your thoughtfulness will be appreciated.

"SENSATION" TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

KING BLONDIN I.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.

THE KING'S PRIME MINISTER,



AND HIS WIFE.
(Gl—d—e.)

THE KING'S CHAPLAIN,
(Sp—g—on.)

AND HIS PROBABLE WIFE,
(Miss L——a Th—p—n.)

THE IRISH BL—G—D.
(O'D—gh—e.)

MRS. O'D—GH—E.

THE KING'S CUBE.
(Be——t.)

MRS. CURE.
(P——s.)

THE KING'S DEERFOOT MAN,

AND HIS AUNT SARAH.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

SETTLING THE QUESTION!

"The Washington Cabinet is discussing the Demands of the English Government with CALMNESS and DELIBERATION."

BANISHMENT OF THE EVIL GENIUS *PAPER-DUTY* BY THE GOOD FAIRY *PROGRESS*.

THE POLITICAL "CURE."

A SHARP EASTER.

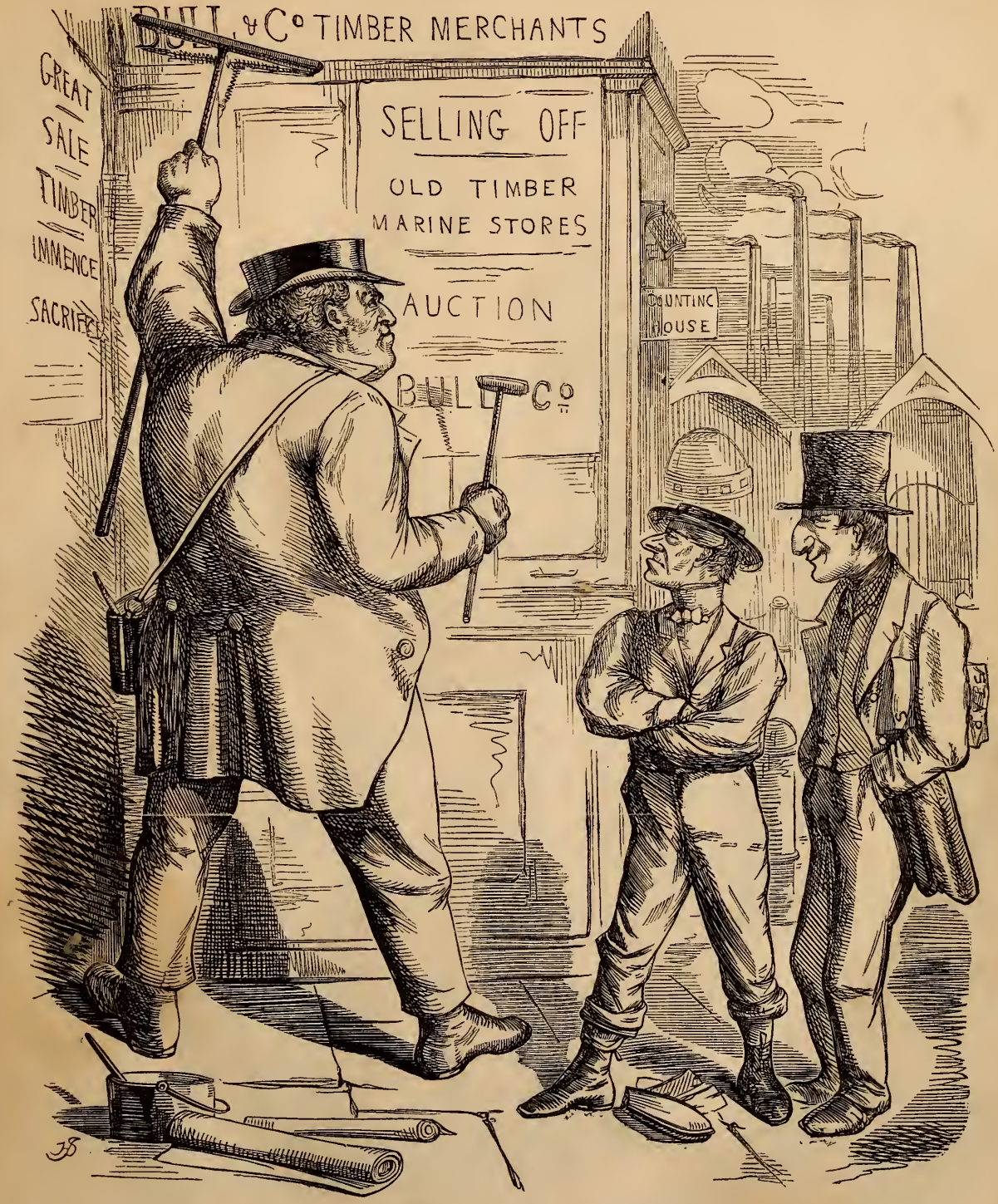
Derby *(in despair)* :—"OH! DIZZY! DIZZY! IF THIS WIND GOES ON, WE SHAN'T HAVE AN APPLE THIS YEAR."

JOHN BULL AND HIS BEEHIVE.

"I HOPE THEIR SUCCESS WON'T MAKE THEM ANNOY ME JUST AS MY BEES ARE SWARMING."

COTTON IN THE STOCKS.

M. Mercier:—"HOW MUCH LONGER IS THIS TO LAST? OR ARE YOU WAITING UNTIL WE INTERFERE?"

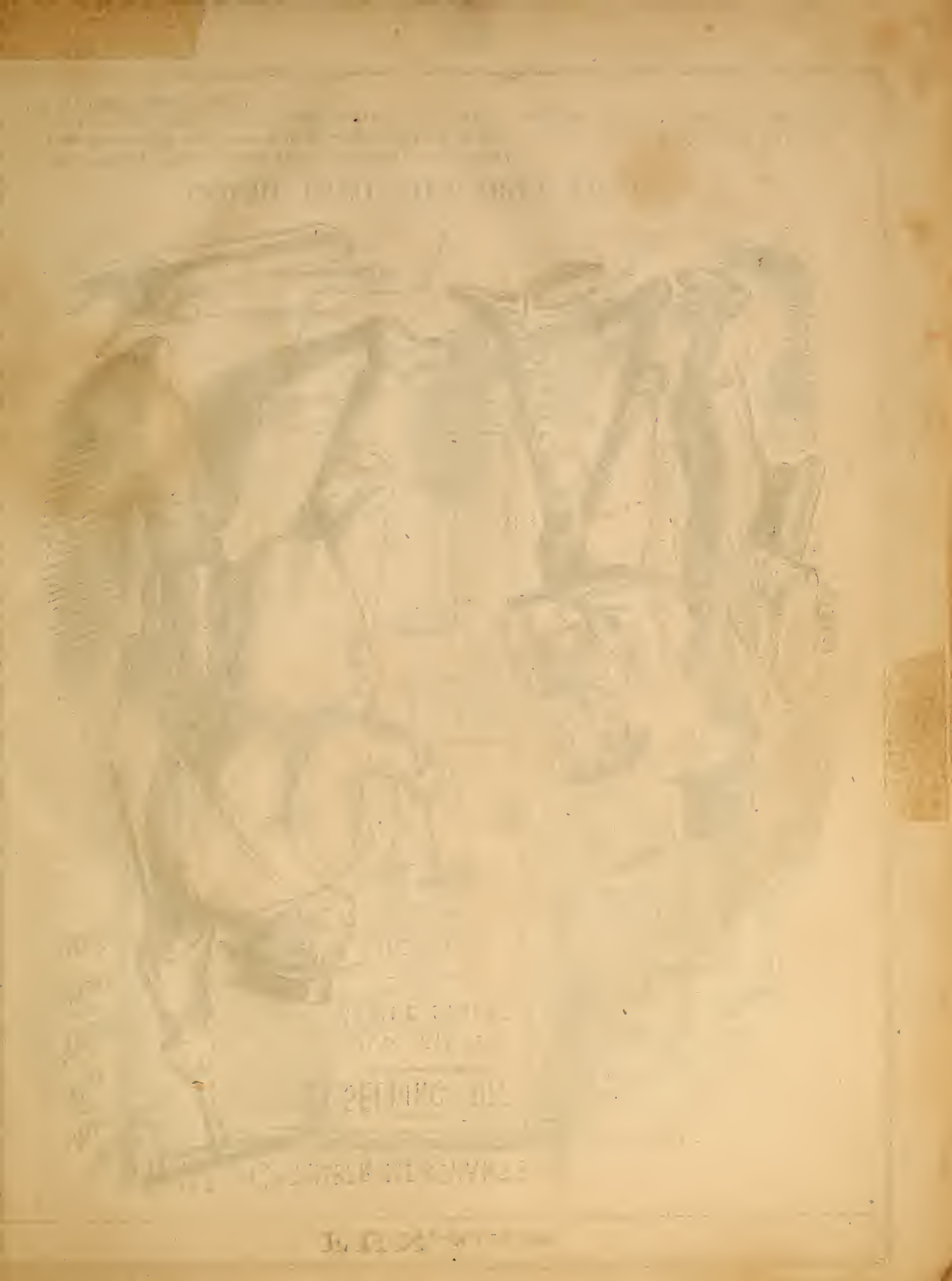


GOING INTO THE IRON TRADE.

Young Pakington:—"HE'S GOING INTO THE IRON TRADE NOW."

Young Lewis:—"NO NECESSITY FOR IT,—NOTHING LIKE WOOD. LOOK AT THE CAPITAL HE'LL WANT!"

Young Pakington:—"WHY, YOU'RE BEHIND THE AGE, LEWIS. BESIDES, HE'S GOT ENOUGH TIN TO GO INTO THE GOLD TRADE!"



RIDING FOR "A PLACE."

John Bull:—"HULLO, DIZ.! I DIDN'T EXPECT EVER TO SEE *YOU* IN THOSE COLOURS!"
Diz.:—"OH! I'M GOING TO RIDE *RETRENCHMENT*, OUT OF THE MANCHESTER STABLES."

LORD DUNREALLY.

Lord D.—"What, beaten again! Well, National Expenditure is one of those sort of things that no fellah can understand."

TRY ME!

A Companion Picture to Millais' "*Trust Me!*" *by* Matthew Jones, our *Pre-Raphaelite Artist.*

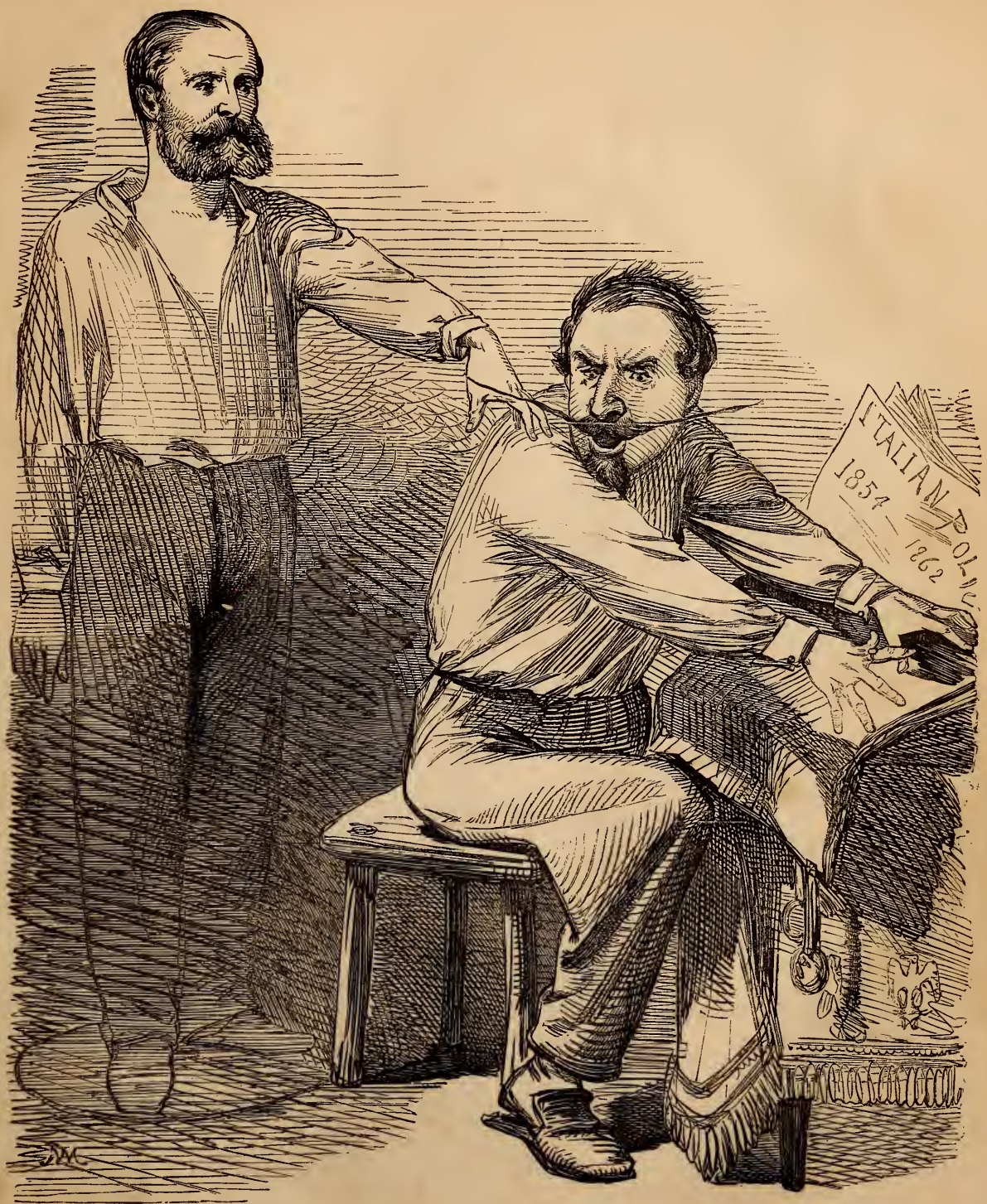
THE KILKENNY CATS.

AFTER HIS LAST RUN.

Doctor Lincoln:—"WELL, M'CLELLAN, AND HOW ARE YOUR POOR FEET?"

WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

Russell:—"I SAY, PAM, DON'T BE RECKLESS COZ THE SESSION'S OVER!"



SPIRIT TAPPING.

Orsini:—"IF, SIRE, YOU CHANGE YOUR *POLICY*, LET IT BE FOR ONE THAT WILL *INSURE YOUR LIFE*."

THE PENNY JUPITER.

Jupiter Abe :—"Now then, you Sir, look out! I'm a gwin' to launch my Thunderbolt."
Southern Ajax :—"Fire away, Sir-ree! It amuses you, and won't hurt me."

GO IT, YE CRIPPLES!

The Real President of the U.S. :—"OH! HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, DO; JIST TO SEE WHO'S VICTOR."

SKEDADDLING!

"*Stonewall*" *Jackson*:—"WHERE ARE YOU GOING ON SUNDAY?"

ADVICE TO COLUMBIA.

BATHING AT BIARRITZ.

Fun (loq.) :—"LOOK OUT FOR THE WAVE!"

"DEFEATED—WOUNDED—CAPTURED."

Italy:—AND IS IT FOR THIS I HAVE BEEN "COMPLIMENTED BY TELEGRAM?"

[*A sad picture, dedicated, without permission, to the* Emperor Napoleon.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

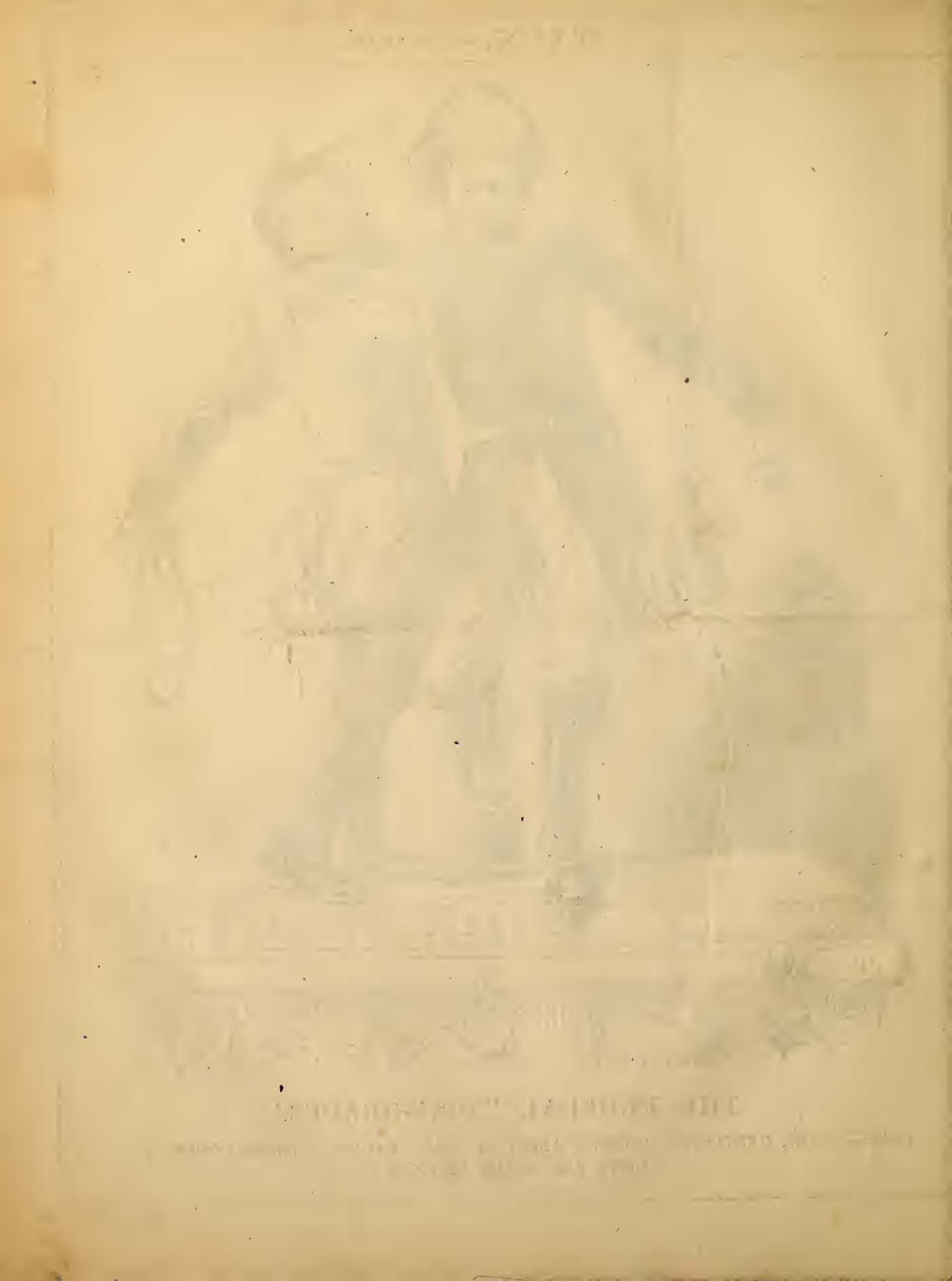
Italy:—"WHEN MAY I BE ALLOWED, MR. ORACLE, TO COME INTO MY OWN DRAWING-ROOM?"
Oracle:—"OH! I SHALL STAY AS LONG AS I LIKE NOW YOUR FAVOURITE HAS INSULTED ME?"

NURSING THE OLD 'UN.

French Cad:—"COME ALONG, MY DEAR. DON'T YER KNOW ME? I'M YOUR ELDEST SON."
Russell:—"NOW, MARM, BETTER COME WITH ME; FIND IT QUIETER."

THE FEDERAL "DIS"-GRACES.

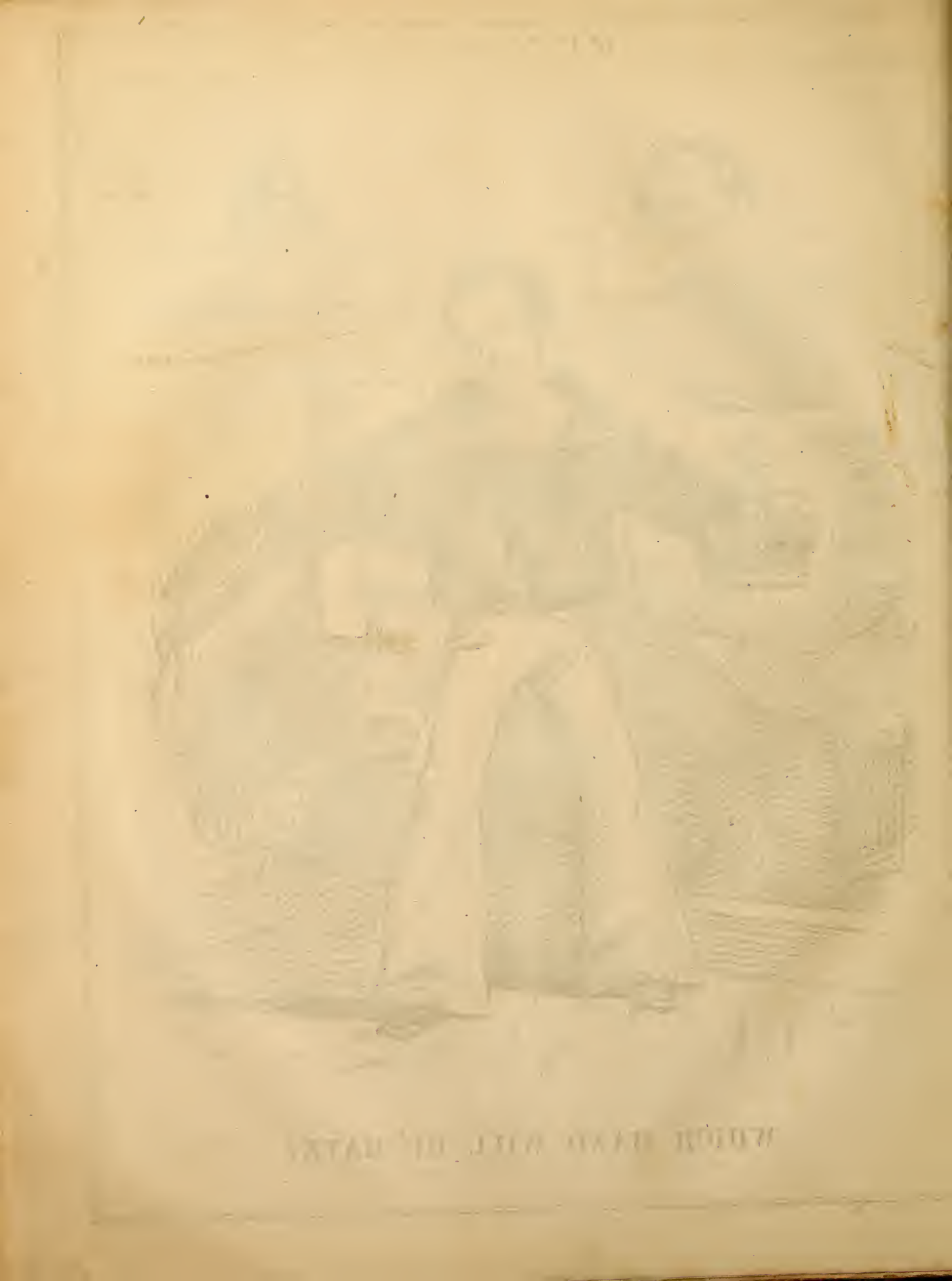
Butler:—"NOW, GENTLEMEN, THERE'S ANOTHER PLACE VACANT. WHO'S COMING UP? DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE."



BUTTERING THE STEPS TO OFFICE.

Derby:—"MY EYE! WON'T HE SLIP IN FEBRUARY!"
Dizzy:—"IF WE GET THE KENTISH BUTTER, DOWN HE GOES."

WHICH HAND WILL HE HAVE?



ABE'S LAST.

Abe:—"QUITE WELL, THANK'EE, MARM. NOTHING *COULD* BE SMOOTHER."

"WHO'S YOUR THIN FRIEND?"

Fun:—"AN UNFORTUNATE BROTHER, WHOM I HOPE YOU WON'T FORGET IF YOU GAIN A PRIZE."

BROKEN VOWS.

Abe:—"OH! SNAKES! THERE'S MY YOUNG MAN PLAYING WITH A SECESSH. GAL."

[*With hopes that Mr. Calderon will not prosecute for Copyright.*

FORCING THE KNAVE.

Head Gardener (with much feeling) :—"BEAUTIFUL SYSTEM, EH? PITY TO CHANGE IT!"

THE EAGLE AND THE BEAR.

Russia :—"PRETTY POLEY! PRETTY POLEY! COME BACK TO ITS LOVING FATHER, AND IT SAL BE FORGIVEN, IT SAL!"

CANNY M'PAM.

M'Pam:—"DINNA YE SEE HOW I ADAPT MYSEL TO CIRCUMSTANCES?"

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

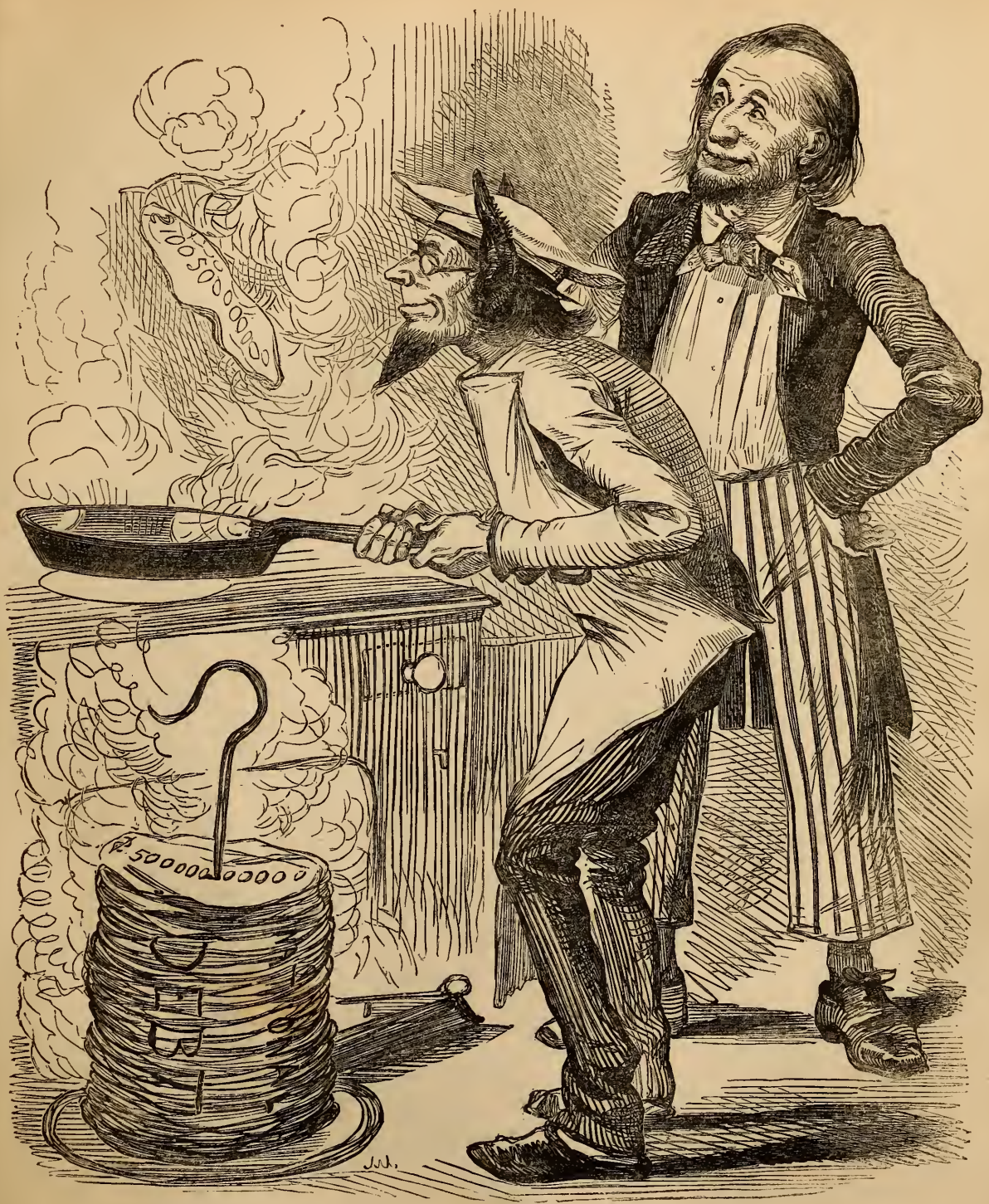
Gladstone *(soothingly)* :—"PRAY GO TO THE UNDERTAKER'S AND BUY IT A COFFIN!"

THE TWO BUTCHERS.

Artful Boy :—"GO IT, RUSSIA! GO IT, PRUSSIA TWO ON TO ONE IS QUITE FAIR."

THE WEDDING CAKE.

P——e:—"HOW WELL YOU UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!"



YANKEE PANCAKES.

Lincoln:—"GO IT, CHASE. KEEP THE POT A BILING."

THE "CHAFF" AND CROW.

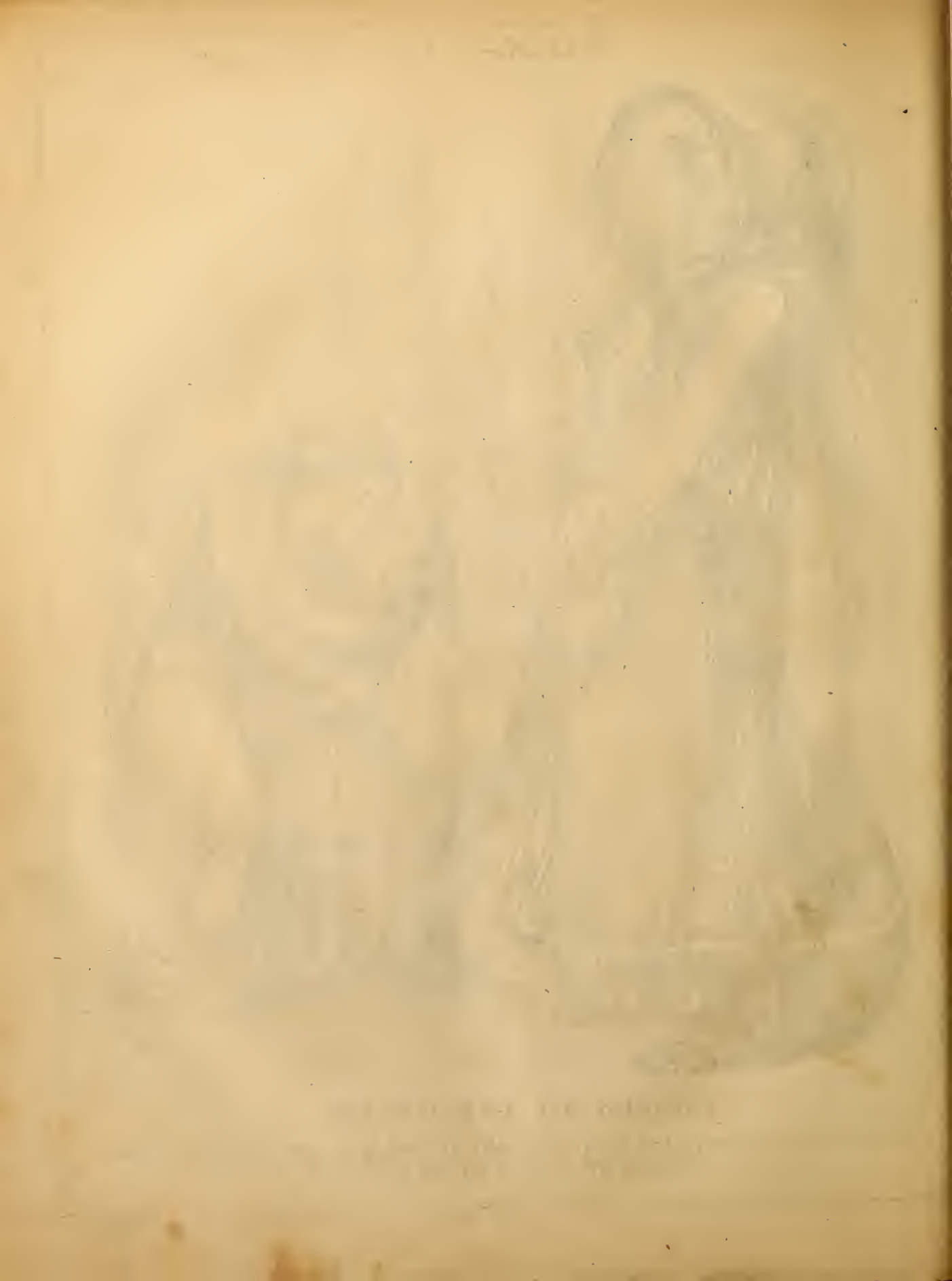
Pam:—"WHAT, THE SAME OLD HAT?"
Gladstone:—"COCK-A-DOO-DLE-DOO!"

THE BEAR AND RAGGED "POLE."

Czar:—"WO! QUIET! STEADY! - BY JOVE! MY POLE'S A KICKING AGAIN!"

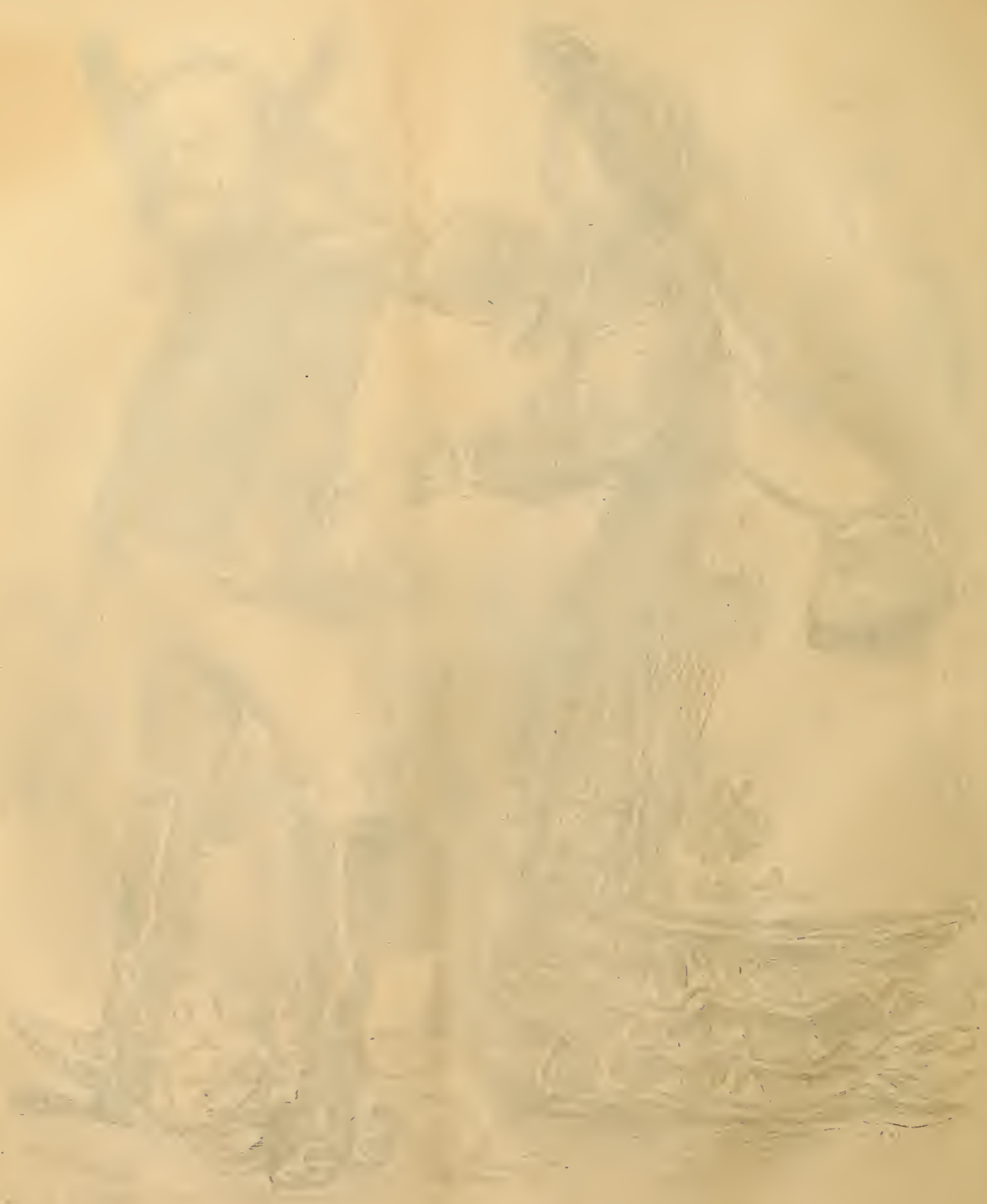
GREEKS TO THE GREEKS.

Mother Britannia:—"THERE, TAKE HIM, MY DEAR; I HOPE HE'LL BE A CREDIT TO HIS BRINGING UP. HE'S COST ME ENOUGH."



STUBBORN BILLY PIPECLAY.

Queen of Prussia:—"THERE, SIR; READ THAT, AND MEND YOUR WAYS."
Stubborn Billy:—"SHAN'T!"



BRITANNIA TO CARDIGAN.

"I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY!"

AN IMPERIAL JUGGLE.

Nap.:—"IMPERIALIST OR INDEPENDENT—ALL THE SAME IN MY HANDS."

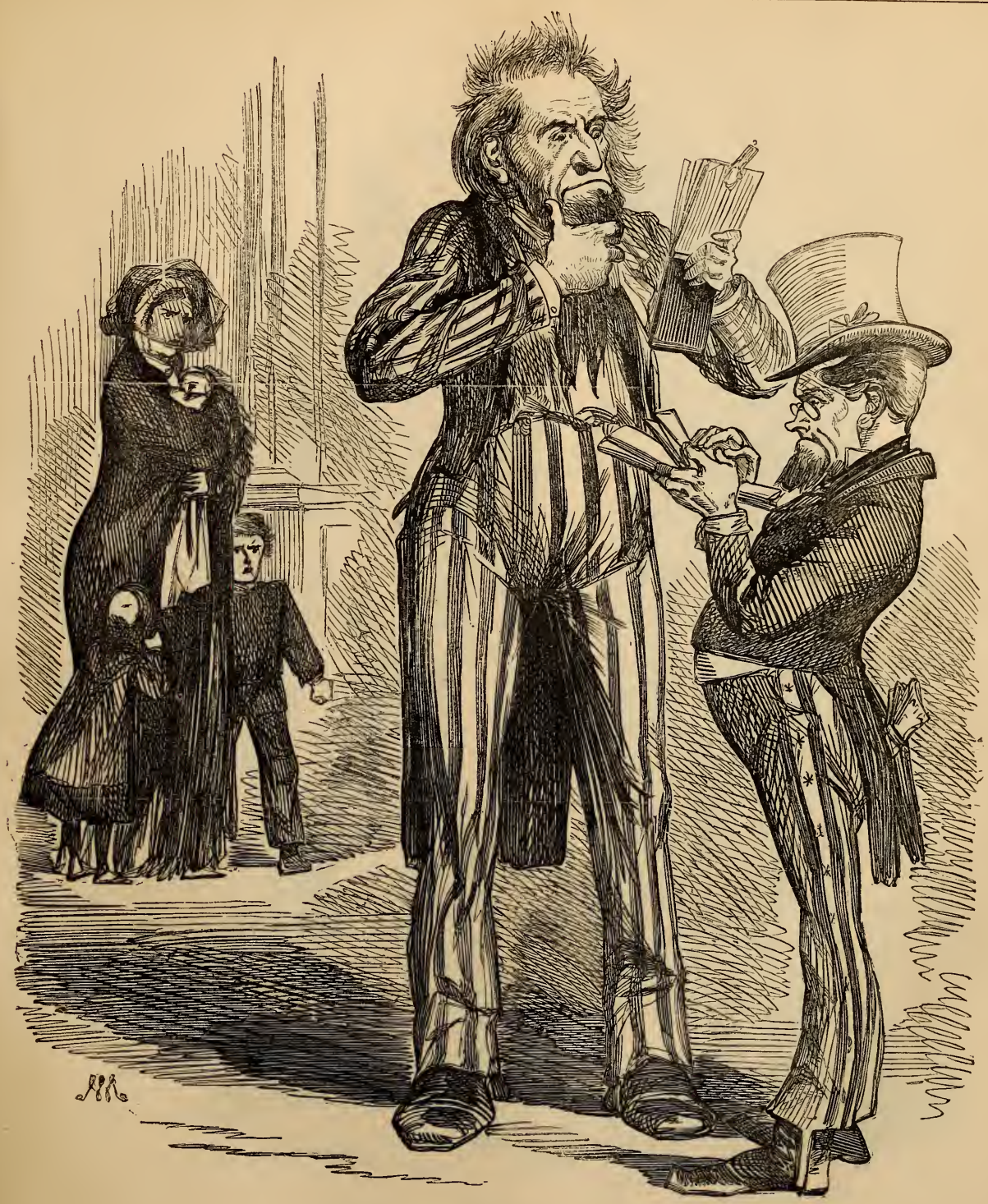
THE POLITICAL ZADKIEL.

Zad. :—"NOW, MY CLEVER LITTLE BOYS, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE CR-R-R-R-RYSTAL?"
Gladstone :—"WE DON'T SEE THE RECOGNITION OF THE CONFEDERATES *YET*."
Russell :—"I SEE THE REFLECTION OF A JOLLY OLD HUMBUG."

* Not ntended as a portrait of Roebuck.

THE INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

Mr. Bull:—"THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S PRETTY AIN'T IT?"
Nap.:—"AH! VERY GOOD, CONSIDERING THE ROW THAT IS GOING ON ALL ROUND."



THE SETTLING DAY.

Abe:—"*JEE*-RUSALEM! DOUBLE OR QUITS ON HOOKER, AND HE'S HOOKED IT."
Chase:—"LOST ON ALL OUR HOSSES—FREEMAN, M'CLELLAN, HOOKER. OH! SNAKES!"
Widow:—"I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW THEY WILL SETTLE WITH ME."

T'OTHER FROM WHICH.

North America:—"WE'VE BEEN BETTER LICKED THAN YOU, EH?"
Russia:—"HAVE YER? THEN I'LL BE MORE OBSTINATE THAN YOU, EH?"

"TOM TIDLER'S GROUND."

Nap. (*with pride*):—"My occupation of Mexico is for the regeneration of the people."

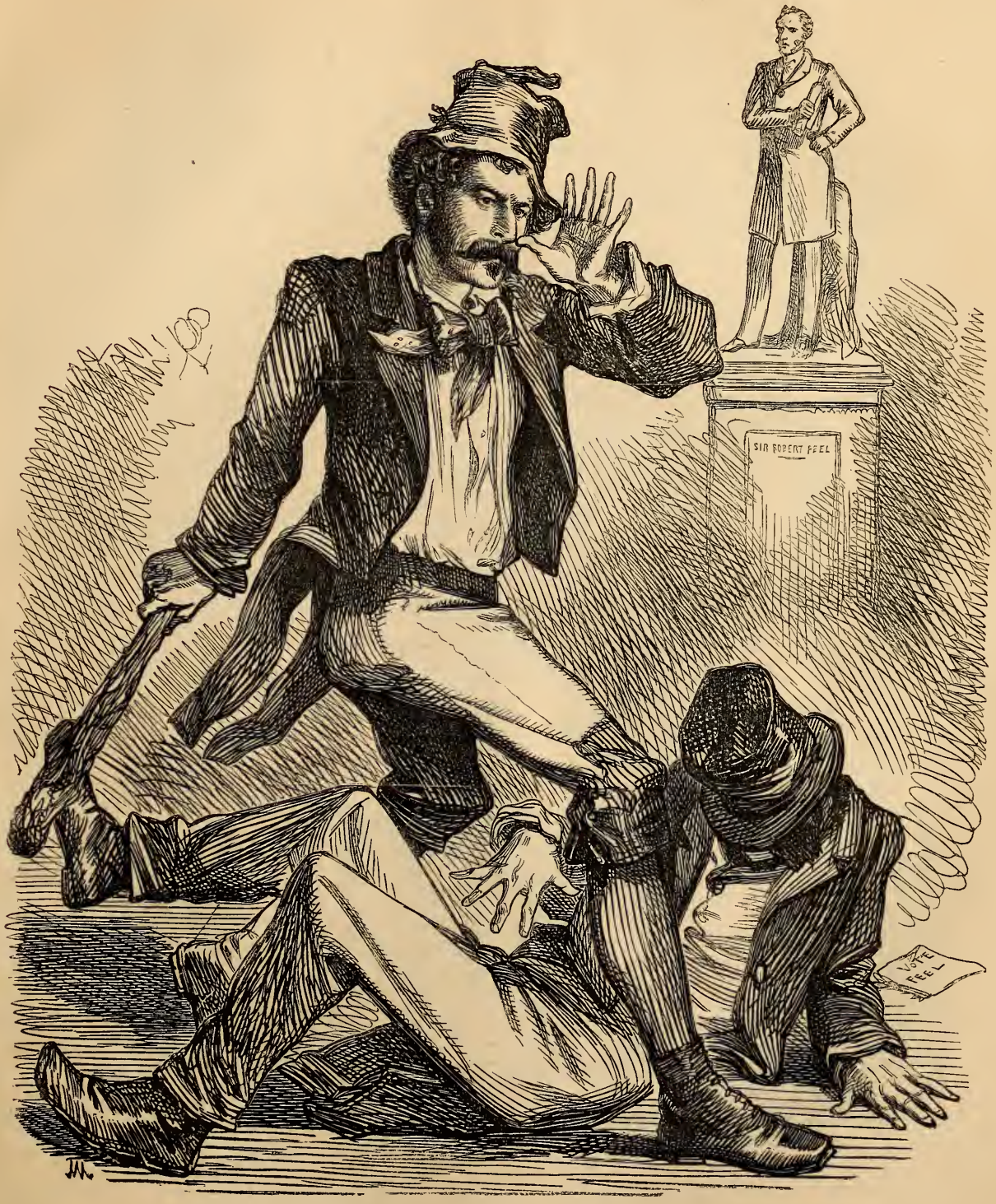
Translation:—{ "Here I am on Tom Tidler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver."

THE PRUSSIAN PIG.

"Fire wouldn't burn stick; Stick wouldn't beat dog; Dog wouldn't bite pig; Pig wouldn't go!"

TO THE WEST—TO THE WEST,
TO THE LAND OF THE FREE!!

Dedicated to Ireland.



AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS.

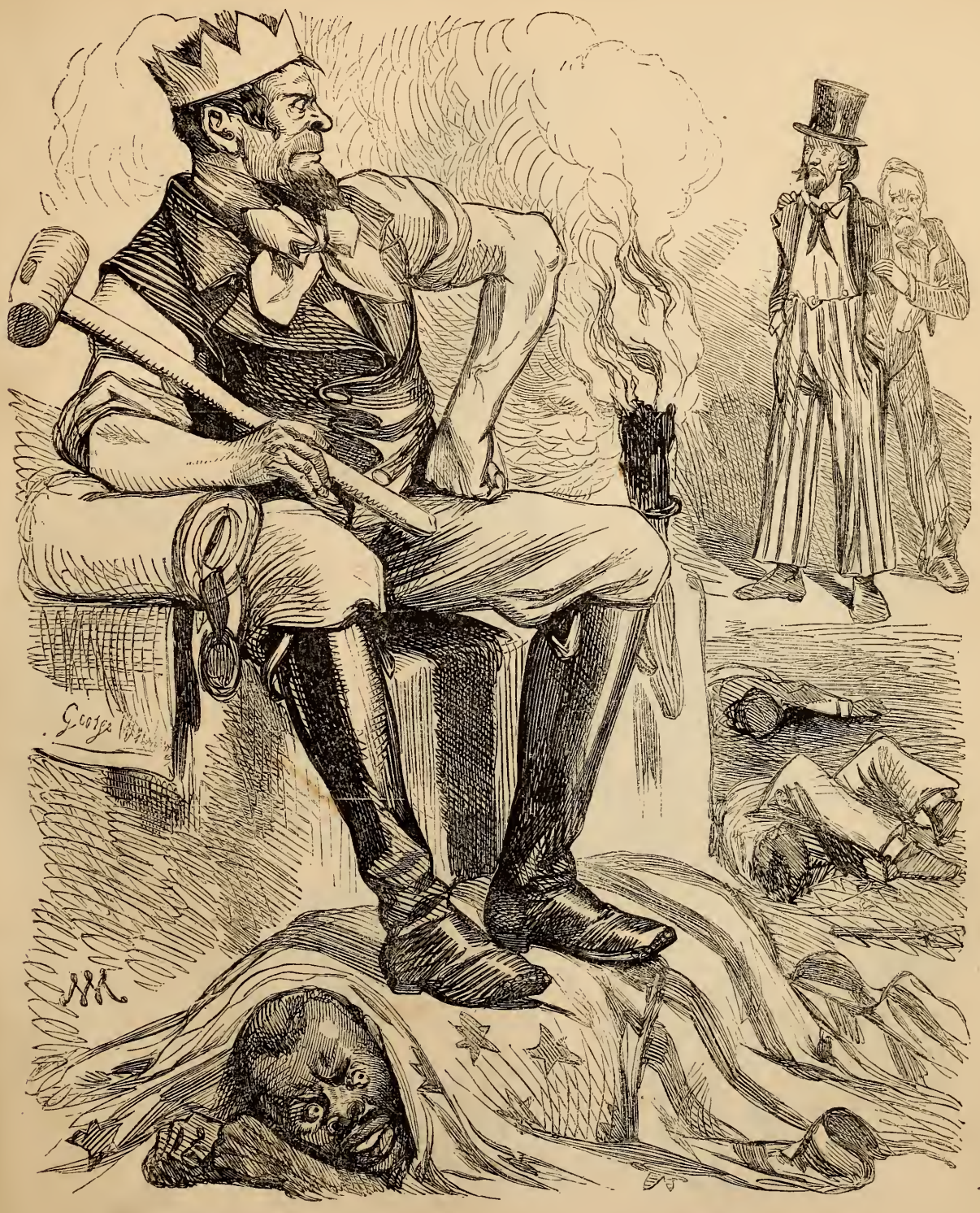
Sir Robert (the Cabinet Buffoon):—"OH! AIN'T I LIKE MY DADDY!"

DEFENCE——NOT DEFIANCE.

Major Bull :—"BOYS! WHICHEVER WAY WE LOOK, WAR-CLOUDS ARE RISING. LET'S KEEP OUR POWDER DRY, AND WHO'S AFRAID?"

"BUBBLE AND SQUEAK."

THE FRANKFORT DIET——ALL SMOKE.



KING MOB UPON HIS THRONE.

King Mob:—"NOW, ABE, HOW DU YOU LIKE *ME?* SOONER OR LATER YOU HAVE TO BOW, OR YOU'LL FIND ME AN UGLY CUSTOMER."

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THE YANKEE GUY FAWKES.

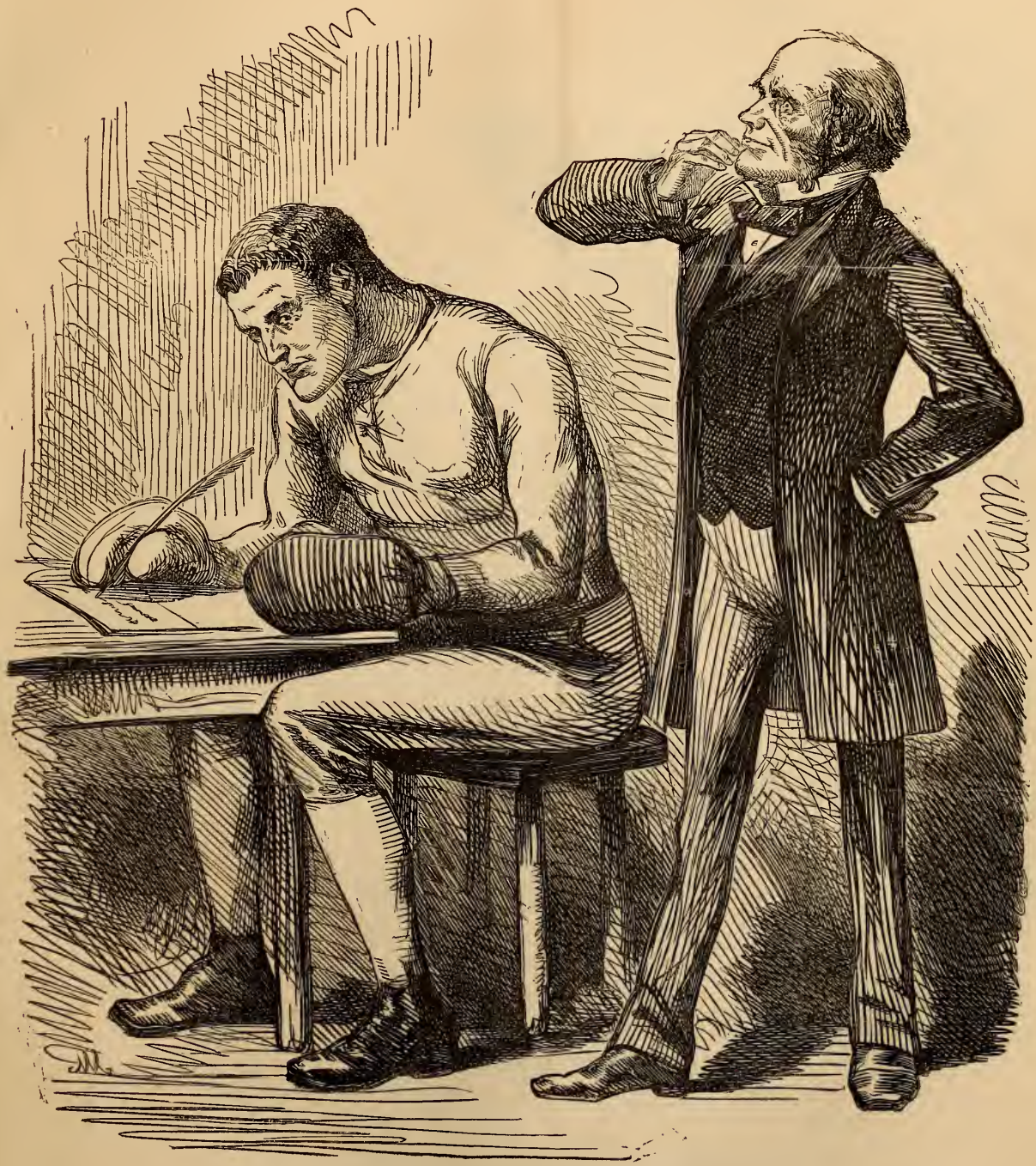
Abe:—"I'LL WARM YER! YOUR OLD CONSTITUTION WON'T DO FOR U.S."

"THE BILL OF FARE."

Waiter (loq.) :—"ENTREZ, MONSIEUR, I SPEAK ZE ENGLISH, WE HAVE SOUP D'ITALIE, ZE TURKEY——"

John Bull (interrupting him) :—"DON'T STAND THERE *PARLEZVOUSING*, **SHOW ME YOUR BILL OF FARE.**"

"THE IMPERIAL ROBINSON CRUSOE."



THE FIGHT.

Russell (dictating to King):—"Dear Seward,—I am Ve-ry mu-ch—G-r-i-eved it shou-ld—ha-ve Hap-pened so—WE—H-O-P-E—it won't O-c-c-ur Again.

Yours Obediently,

P.S.—Walker. TOM KING."

"HOP LIGHT 'LOU!'"

"AJAX DEFYING HECTOR TO COMBAT."

PLUCKY PIGMY.

Denmark :—"WELL, YOU'RE MAKING A PRETTY DUST! WHY DON'T YOU HIT ONE YOUR OWN SIZE, AND GET A FEW MORE TO HELP YOU?"

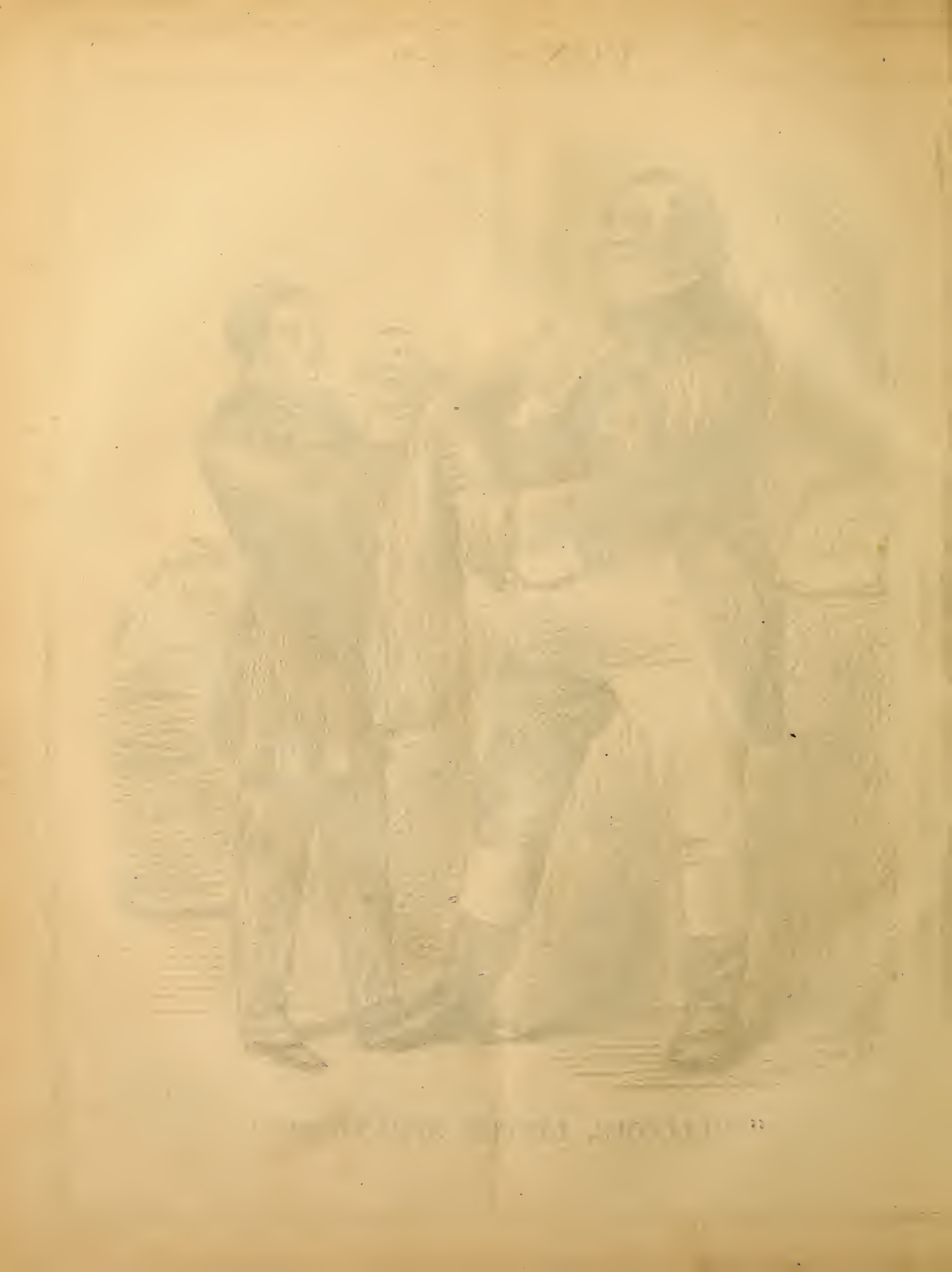
"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO."

Denmark :—"DON'T SPARE ME; HIT ME HARD; I'VE GOT NO FRIENDS!"

WAR

Hamlet (Christian of Denmark) :—"To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles."

"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"



"BRITANNIA'S NEW YEAR'S OFFERING TO COLUMBIA."

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Nap.:—"COME ALONG, YOUNG DENMARK; LET 'EM FIGHT IT OUT AMONGST THEMSELVES!"

THE MODERN SINDBAD.

Mr. Bull:—"CONFOUND THIS LITTLE BEAST! I WOULDN'T CARE FOR ALL THE REST IF I COULD SHAKE HIM OFF!"

[*Politely dedicated to* Mr. Gladstone.

"SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Friend Nap.:—"WONDER HOW THEY'LL LIKE THIS COSTUME? 'TAIN'T MUCH OF A DISGUISE. . . . WELL, WELL, I SHALL RETAIN MY LIBERTY OF ACTION."

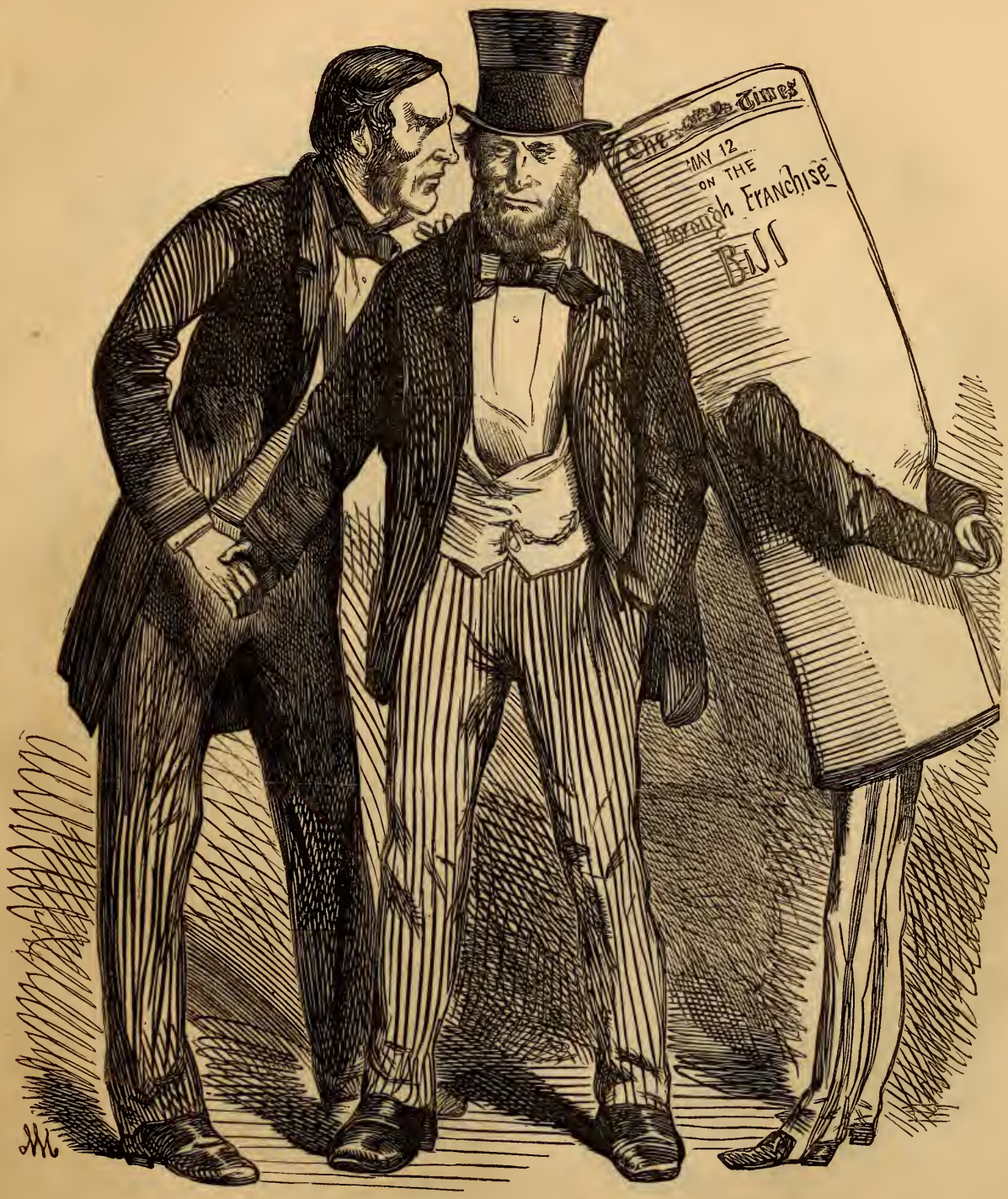
PRUSSIA, BY HIMSELF. AUSTRIA, BY HIMSELF. CONSTANCE, DENMARK.

OLD AND TRUE.

Constance (*Denmark*) :—"War! War! No Peace! Peace is to me a war!
O *Prussia!* O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave! thou wretch!
* * * *
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs."—*Shakespeare*—"*King John.*"

THE DERBY HOBBY.

Ben (the no-account Jockey) :—"WELL, MY NOBLE GOVERNOR, HAS HE ANY CHANCE?"
Derby :—"THOSE BANDAGES, BEN, HAVEN'T DONE HIM ANY GOOD, HE'S UNCOMMON STIFF!"



THE WORKING MAN—WHICH IS HIS FRIEND?

Gladstone :—"NEVER MIND HIM—WAIT TILL THE BILL PASSES, AND HE'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE THEN."

POLITICAL AUNT SALLY.

Ben. :—"HI! HI! NOW MY NOBLE TORY SPORTSMEN, 'ERE YER HAR! ALL THE FUN OF THE SESSION, AND ONLY A PENNY A DOZEN!"

BAD LUCK, BEN.

Ben:—"HERE'S A GO! NO TRADE AT KNOCK-'EM-DOWNS; AND, WORSE LUCK, LOST ON MY HOSS—THOUGHT I BACKED THE WINNER, TOO!"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

DESIGN FOR A NEW FRESCO TO BE PAINTED IN A LOBBY EXPRESSLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE ENLIGHTENED M.P.'S WHO GLORY IN THIS SORT OF THING AND TURNED OUT MR. BASS'S BILL.

HERO v. BARD.

Bard:—"COME, I SAY, OLD FELLOW, DON'T GO AND SNUFF ME OUT; GET IT OVER BEFORE THE 23RD."

Hero:—"AH! I WONDER WHETHER MY COUNTRYMEN WILL REMEMBER ME THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE?"

APRIL 23RD, 1864.

JUSTICE WAITS.

THE PIG-HEADED GHOUL.

(Dedicated with every feeling of disgust to that enlightened Monarch, King W*L***M of Pr***IA.)

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Britannia :—"SISTER, DEAR COLUMBIA, WHEN IS THIS TO END?"

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

Little Innocent:—"OH, PLEASE SIR, DON'T! I AIN'T DONE NOTHING, AND AIN'T HAD ANY OF THE MONEY!"

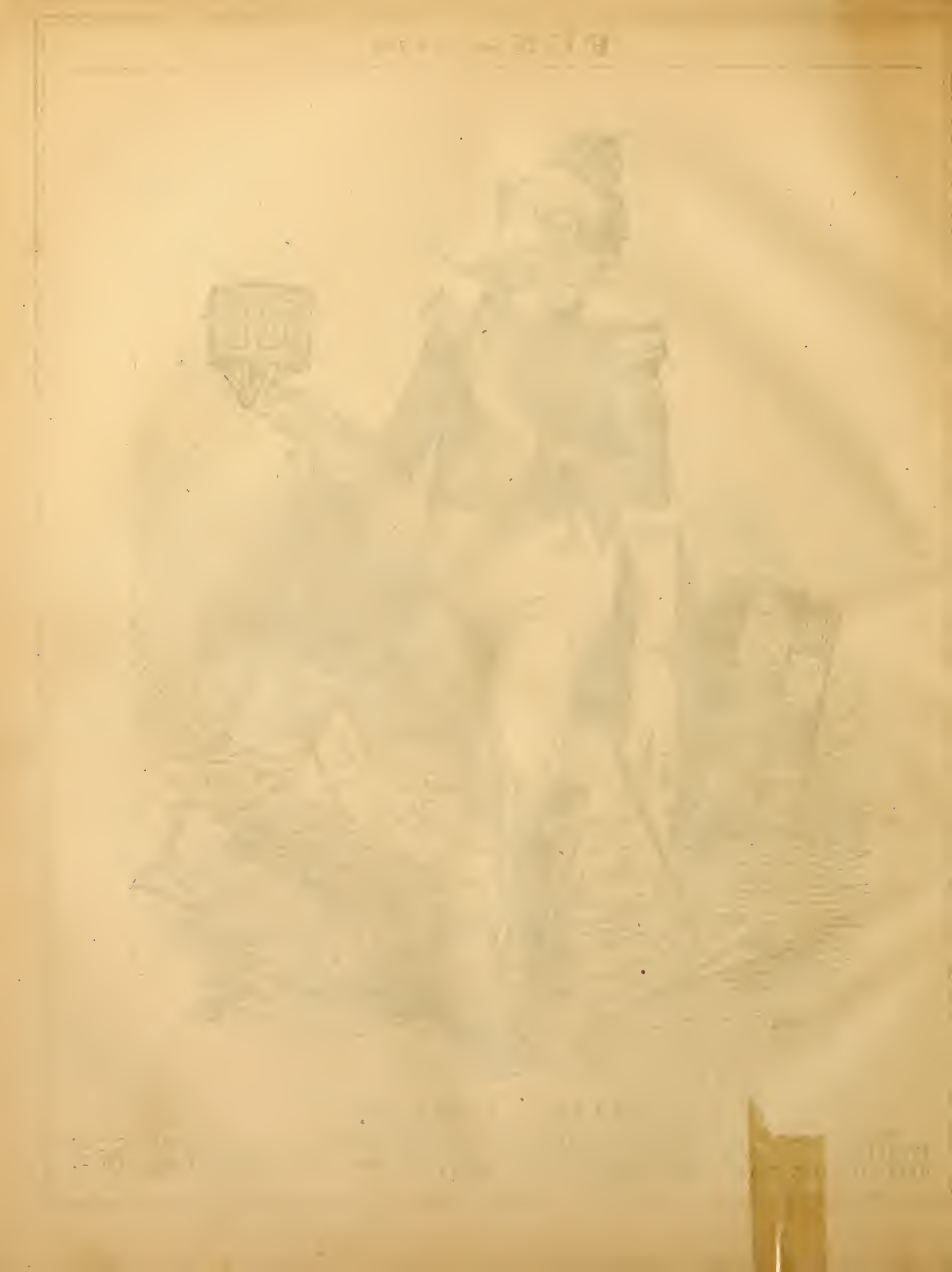
Policeman Gladstone:—"DON'T TALK TO ME, SIR. YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER DIDN'T PAY HIS *LEGACY DUTY*, AND WHAT CAN *YOU* EXPECT?"

NIAGARA DOVES.

Uncle Abe :—"SAY, GREELEY, WHAT 'AVE YOU BROUGHT BACK?"
Dove Greeley :—"NAREY NOTHINK, NUNKEY!"

SALVE NAPOLEON.

Doctor Nap.:—"NOW'S YOUR TIME, MESSIEURS THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE! THIS IS THE INFALLIBLE CONGRESS MIXTURE, WARRANTED TO CURE ALL THE ILLS THAT EUROPE IS HEIR TO! ONE TRIAL WILL SUFFICE. COME, TRY!"

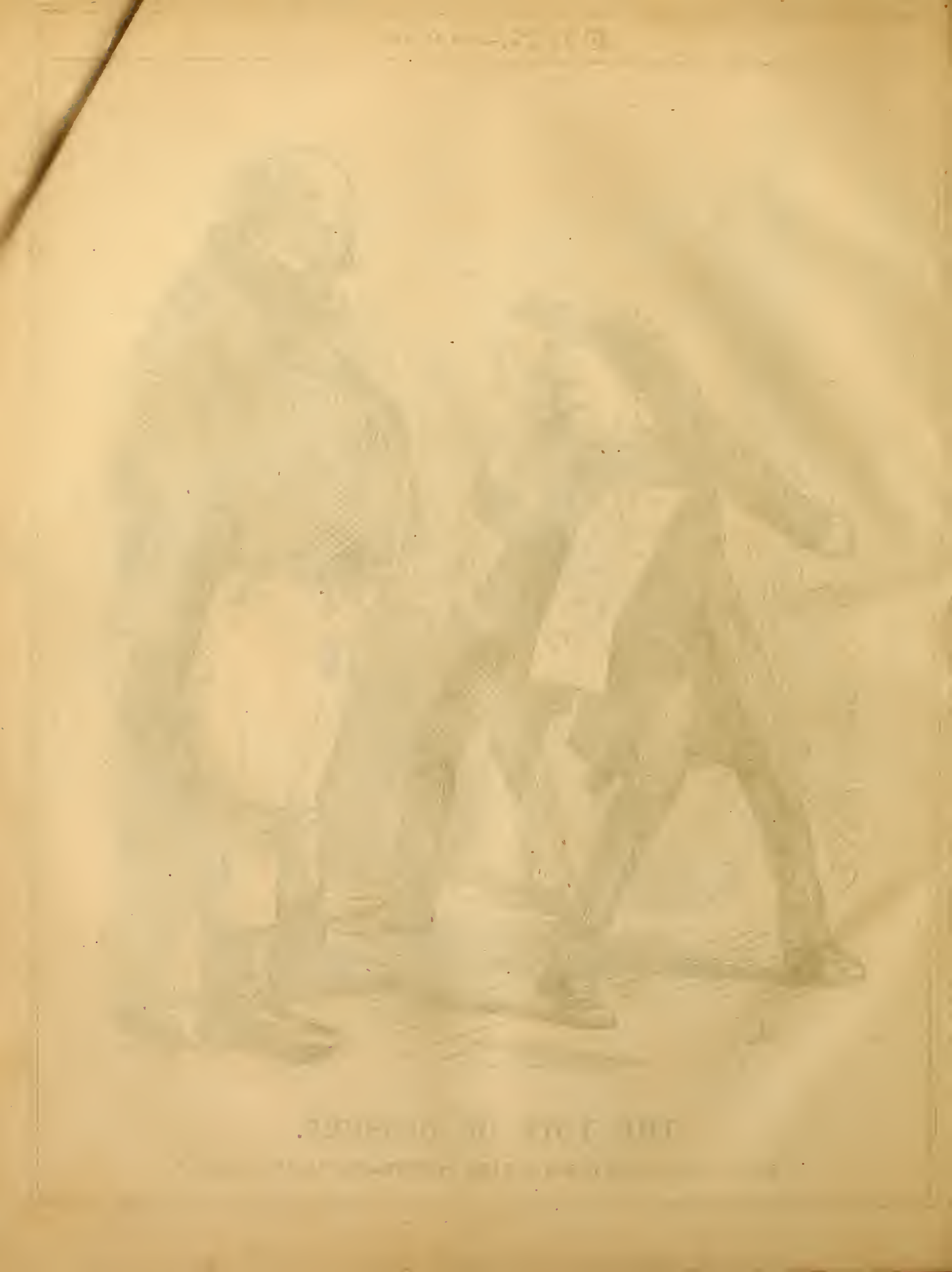


OH!

A free copy of Mr. Fitzgerald's *Popular Picture, to whom we make our apologies.*

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

Bull:—"CÆSAR VERY MUCH LIKE POMPEY—SPECIALLY POMPEY."



BULL IN A NEW CHARACTER.

Bull:—"WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU PUT ME IN SUCH A HATEFUL PART, MR. RUSSELL? YOU'LL CATCH IT IF YOU DON'T LOOK OUT!"

Russell (*Stage Manager*):—"WHAT! DON'T LIKE TO PLAY *BOB ACRES?* I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DELIGHTED."

THE TWO WORKING MEN.

Bull:—"CHEER UP, OLD BOY! DON'T LET THAT HEAP OF THREEPENNY TWADDLE BOTHER YOU. *WE* UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER."

CONSERVATIVE HOPES.

Derby :—"WELL, BENJAMIN, WHAT HOPES OF SPORT?"

Ben. (*Head Keeper*):—"WELL, ME LORD, BIRDS ARE RATHER SHY. ONE OR TWO HAVE FLOWN OVER FROM OLD PAM'S PRESERVES; BUT THAT AIN'T MUCH TO RECKON ON."

ITCHING JOHNNY.

Nap. :—"NOW, YOUNG MUDDLER, WHAT ARE YOU HANGING ABOUT HERE FOR?"
Russell :—"THEY WON'T GET ON WITHOUT *US*. THINK THEY WILL?"

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Walley :—"OH, PLEASE, SIR, I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM ENGLAND TO GIVE YOU THIS YACHT, AND CAN YOU TELL ME WHY I AM SUCH A FOOL, PLEASE?"

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

Clara :—"I TELL YOU 'JAQUES' SAYS YOU CAN'T CROQUET. CAN SHE, MR. DE JONES?"

Ada :—"'ROUTLEDGE' SAYS I CAN CROQUET. CAN'T I, MR. DE JONES?"

De Jones (*who has fallen a victim to "Captain Mayne Reid"*) :—"YES, YOU CAN'T—NO, SHE CAN. CALL AGAIN NEXT WEEK—I'VE ONLY GOT TO THE 443RD RULE—HA! HA!" [*Exit De Jones to Colney Hatch.*

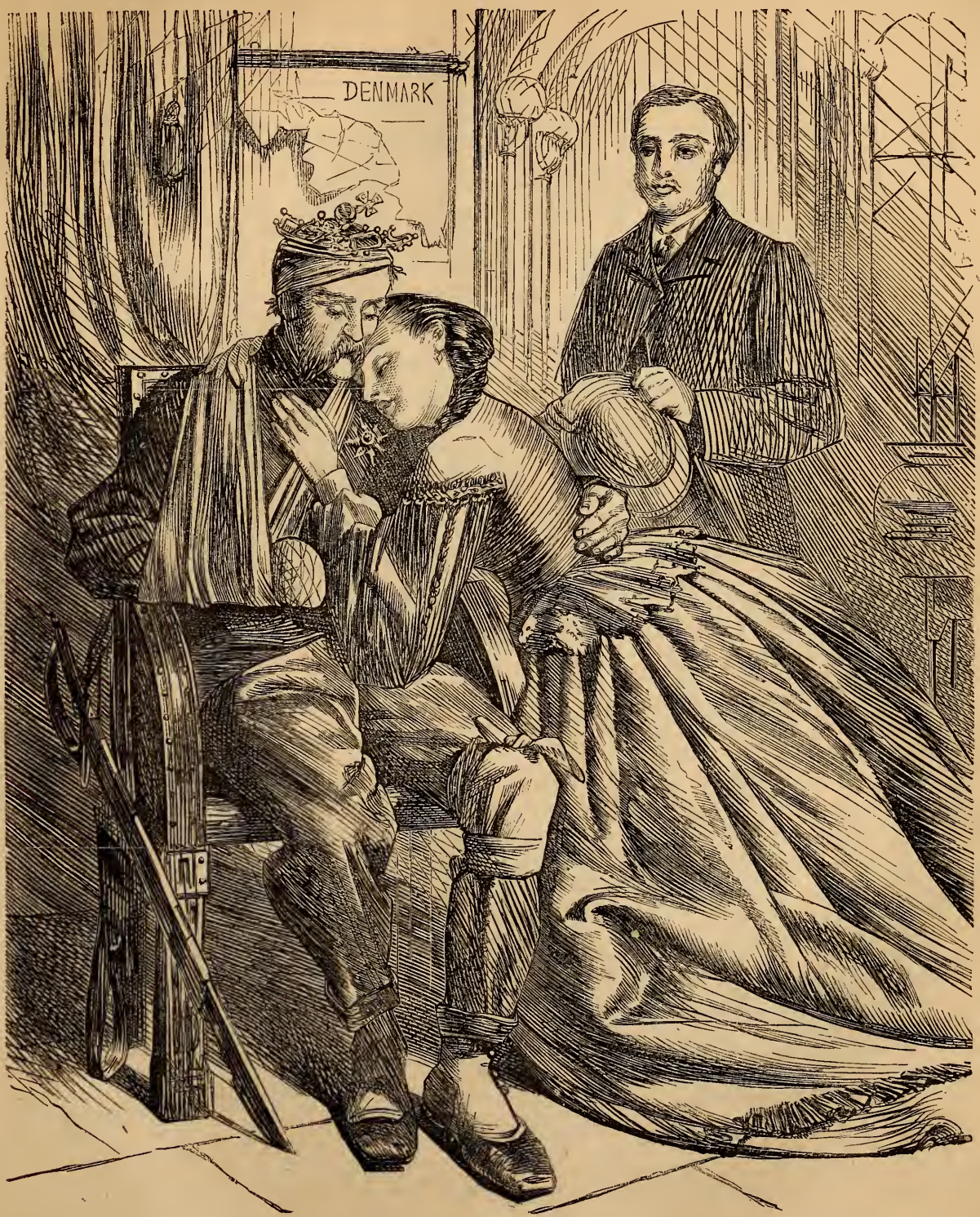
AN AB-NORMAL POSITION.

Norma:—"HENCE! THY CHILDREN—TAKE THEM WITH THEE!"

THE CLOUDS REFORMING.

Mr. Bull:—"AFRAID IT'S RETURNING, EH? WELL, CHEER UP, MY GIRL! I MANAGED TO HELP YOU BEFORE, AND THOUGH THINGS ARE A LITTLE 'TIGHT,' *YOU SHAN'T WANT!*"

—*See "Times" of October* 12.



THE WOUNDED DANE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A Companion Picture to

"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

COLUMBIA'S NIGHTMARE.

BOX AND COX.

Cox (*Mr. Radical*):—"COME OUT O' MY HAT, SIR."

Box (*Mr. Tory*):—"SHAN'T, SIR; IT'S AS MUCH MINE AS YOURS, SIR."

SPAIN'S GHOUL.

Spain :—"I AM WEAK AND HUNGRY, AND THOUGH IT IS RATHER FLATTERING TO HAVE HIM CHAINED UP THUS, YET, AS LONG AS HE KEEPS STOWING AWAY LIKE THAT, I HAVE NOT MUCH CHANCE FOR A MOUTHFUL; SO, PERHAPS, I HAD BETTER UNLOCK HIS FETTERS AND LET HIM HOOK IT."

IN TRAINING FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.

Johnny:—"THAT'S YER STYLE, PAM! GO IT RIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, MY ROSE-BUD! WE'LL SHOW 'EM WOT METAL IS!"

TURIN AND FLORENCE.

Italy to Turin:—"That I have patience let our fate bear witness,
Who has ordained it so, that thou and I
This very hour, without one tear, must part."

—*Venice Preserved.*

THE QUEEN'S APPEAL.

Queen :—"YES, MR. GUARD, YOU REALLY MUST DO SOMETHING TO PROTECT THE LIVES OF MY SUBJECTS."

*Gl*ds***e* :—"THERE, YOU HEAR, MY FRIEND! NOW LET *ME* TELL YOU IF YOU DON'T DO *THAT SOMETHING*, I SHALL ADVISE OUR PEOPLE AT THE HOUSE TO POLITELY REQUEST YOU TO VANISH, AND DO IT THEMSELVES."

COLUMBIA'S VENGEANCE.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

[*A Scene near the Horse Guards in* 1874.

A WARNING.

Columbia :—"LINCOLN, YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME TO THIS, YET I HAVE NOT FLINCHED TO PERFORM MY PART OF OUR CONTRACT. I STILL CLING TO YOU, THAT YOU MAY FULFIL YOURS. YOU HAVE SWOLLEN THE EARTH WITH THE BLOOD OF MY CHILDREN. SHOW ME WHAT I AM TO GAIN BY THIS, OR LOOK FOR MY DIRE VENGEANCE IN THE FUTURE!"

BULL'S WEAPON.

John Bull :—"WELL, MY FRIEND, I CONFESS I DON'T WALK ABOUT WITH A 600-POUNDER UNDER EACH ARM, A MORTAR IN MY HAT, AND MY POCKETS FILLED WITH IRON-CLADS, AND SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO DOES. STILL, I HAVE ONE SPLENDID WEAPON NOT POSSESSED BY *EVERYBODY—A GOOD LONG POCKET*—EH, NAP?"

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

SAFE AS HOUSES.

Party smoking :—"TAKE IT EASY, BILL, WE'VE GOT TILL MONDAY MORNING, AND THERE'S NOBODY ABOUT *BUT THE POLICE!*"

IS IT NICE?

Bet—l:—"DON'T BE JEALOUS, MY FRIEND, YOU SHAN'T BE PUT OFF WITH COUNTY COURT JUSTICE MUCH LONGER. I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T OBTAIN FOR THE POOR MAN ALSO THE LUXURY OF PUTTING HIS HEAD IN CHANCERY!"

THE MALT TAX.

Loaded Party:—"I SAY, GLADSTONE, CARRY THIS FOR US, OLD FELLOW; IT'S AWFULLY HEAVY."

Gladstone:—"IT IS, MY FRIEND; BUT FAITH! THAT'S THE VERY REASON I'D RATHER LEAVE IT ALONE."

HONOURED HONESTY.

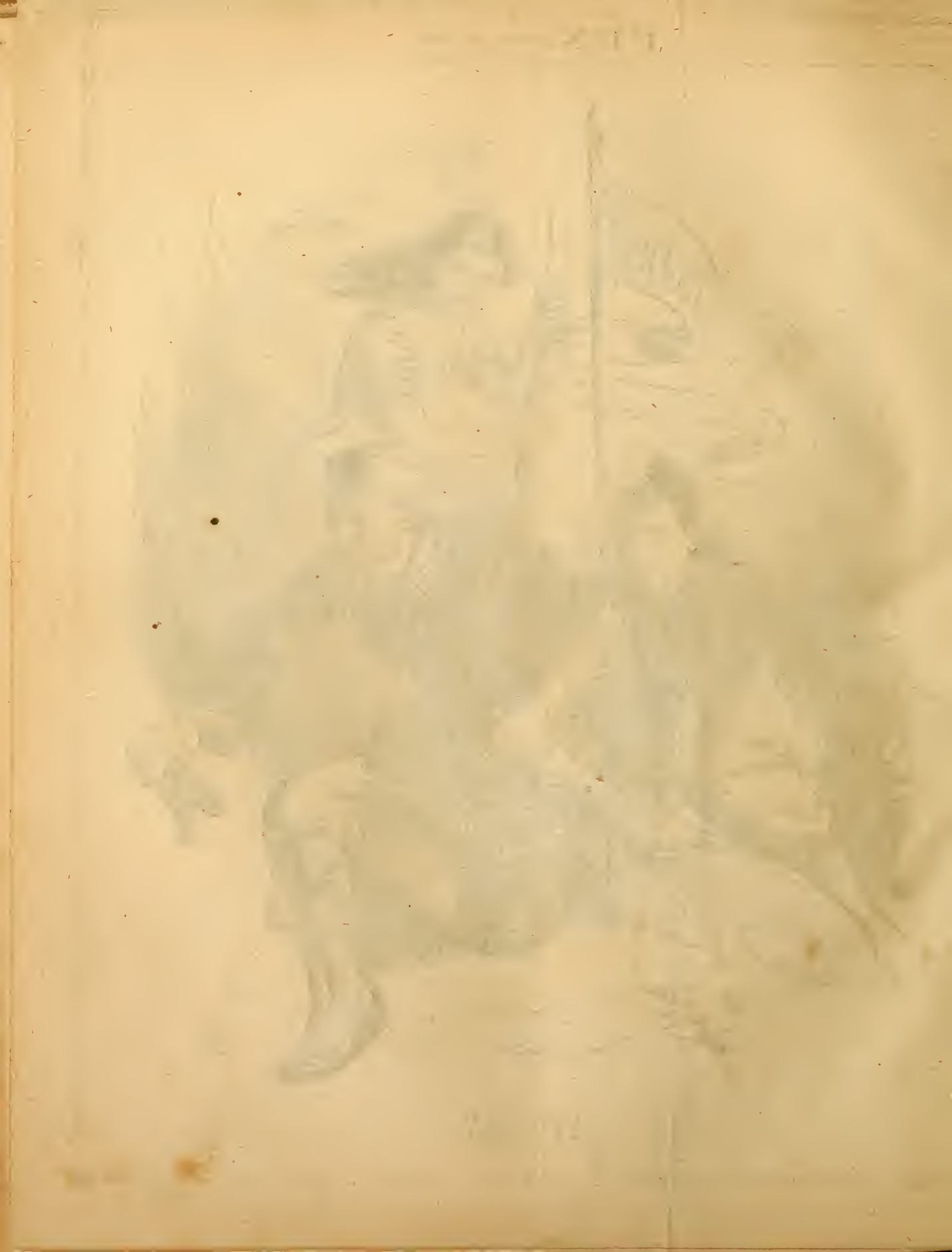
SETTLING DAY.

A Story of the Times. Theatre Royal, Westminster.

Mrs. Britannia:—"SPEAK, HARRY, SPEAK! OH, SAY IT IS NOT TRUE!"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

AT BAY.



ATTAINED.

MAHOMET, AL-LAH FRANCAISE.

OR, THE NEW KORAN.

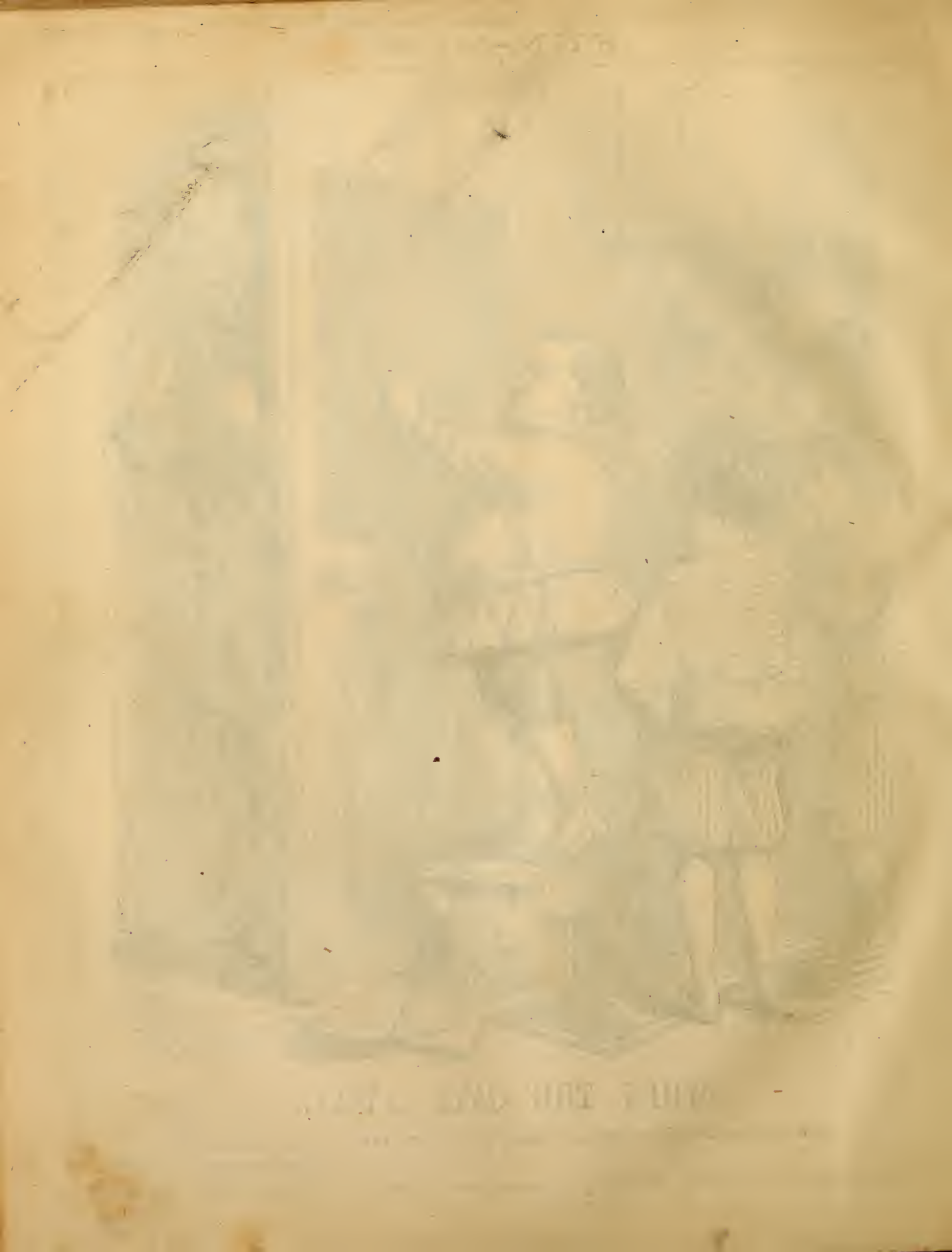
EMANCIPATION.

Columbia:—"TAKE THY FREEDOM, AND BE THANKFUL; FOR IT HAS COST ME MUCH."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.

Master Jerome :—"DURING HIS ABSENCE, I'LL JUST GIVE YOU MY IDEA——"

[*Enter Schoolmaster. Sensation.*



WEIGHT FOR AGE.

THE ELECTION STAKES.

Opposition Jockey:—"I'M AFRAID HE'LL BE IN AT THE FINISH FOR ALL THAT!"

OLIVER TWISTED.

John Bull Cromwell (*to* General Election):—"TAKE AWAY THAT BABEL!"

AFTER THE WHITEBAIT.

Father Thames (with effusion):—"G-GOOD BYE! I MAY NOT SEE YOU HERE AGAIN NEXT YEAR!"

GONE FROM THE HELM.

BROTHERS AFTER ALL.

Mrs. Britannia:—"THAT'S RIGHT, ANDREW DEAR! NOW LET'S TRY TO FORGET ALL ABOUT IT."

PROMOTION, NOT REJECTION.

Alma Mater:—"GO AWAY, DO, YOU FORWARD CHILD!"
Britannia:—"COME ALONG, MY LAD, YOU'RE MUCH TOO BIG A BOY FOR HER SMALL SCHOOL!"

A LESSON IN DIP-LOMACY.

Pam (to the Earl):—"NOW, JOHNNY, MIND YOU DON'T GET OUT OF YOUR DEPTH AGAIN!"

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

A Scene at Portsmouth.

AN AMI-CABLE ADJUSTMENT.

Britannia (to Columbia):—"LET US SINK OUR DIFFERENCES AT THE SAME TIME!"

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Bull (*bewildered*) :—"WHICH IS VICE, AND WHICH IS VIRTUE?"

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

A PRETTY COIL ABOUT A CHANCELLOR,

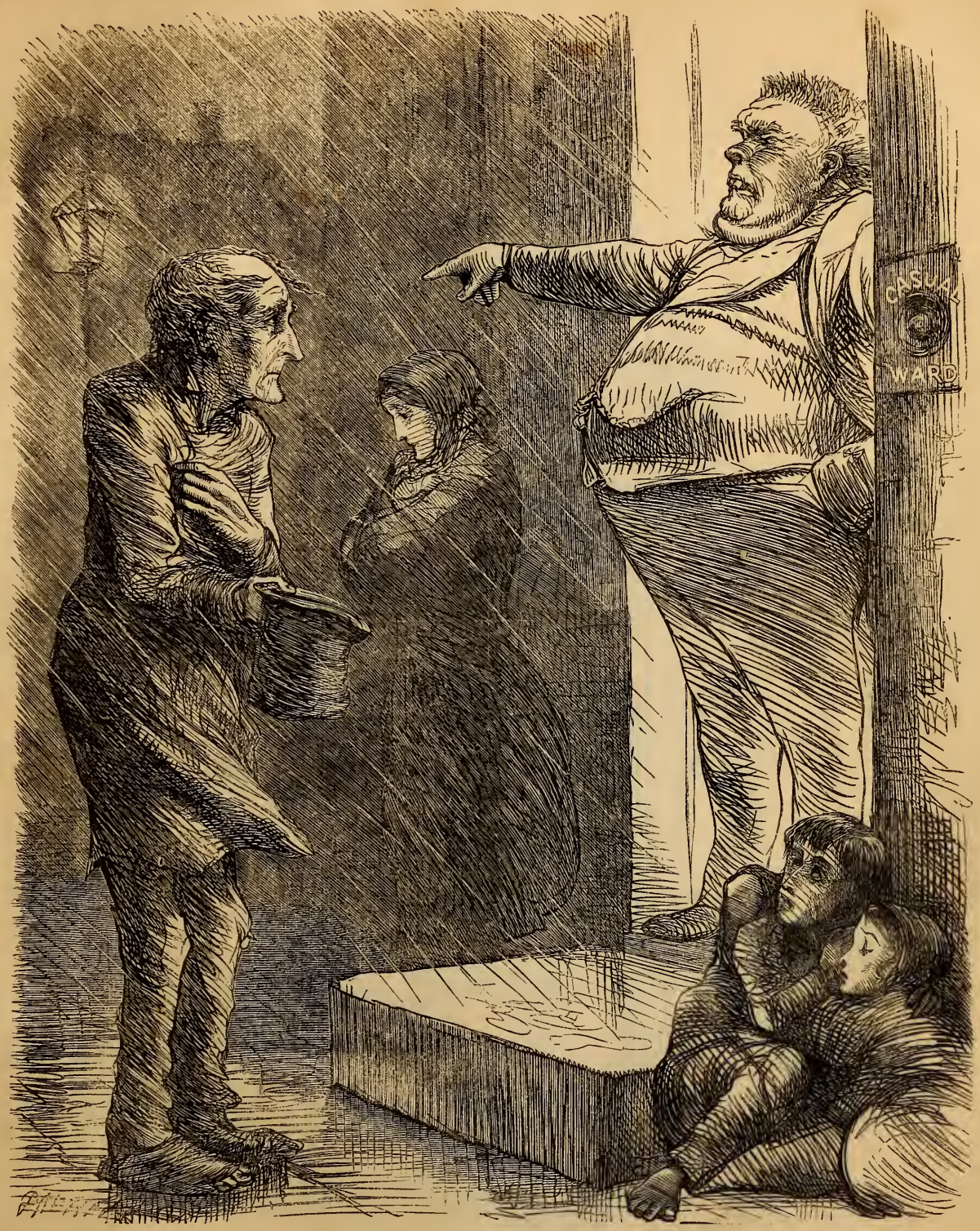
OR, THE MODERN LAOCOON

THE POLITICAL PATROCLUS PUTTING ON THE ARMOUR OF ACHILLES.

Patroclus .. Earl R*ss*ll. | Hector .. Mr. B. D*sr**l*.

PHARAOH'S SERPENT:

OR, WHAT MAY BE GOT OUT OF THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS(H).

Guardian of the Poor :—"GO ALONG! YOU *CAN'T* BE HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE AT THIS HOUR—IT'S AGIN THE RULES!"

OUR COUSIN GERMAN.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE!

ASSAULT AND BUTTERY.

HOW THE UNDERGRADUATES UPSET THE DONS ON A (BREAD AND) BUTTER-SLIDE.

A LITTLE BEHIND THE TIMES.

Captain of the Shenandoah (to British Pilot) :—"CAN YOU TELL ME WHETHER QUEEN ANNE IS DEAD?"

WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

Sol (to Time):—"WHY DON'T I RISE? I'VE BEEN SO HARD-WORKED LATELY I'M QUITE DONE UP!"

BUOYED WITH HOPE.

Puck laments the Broken Girdle.

"SPARE MY FELINES."

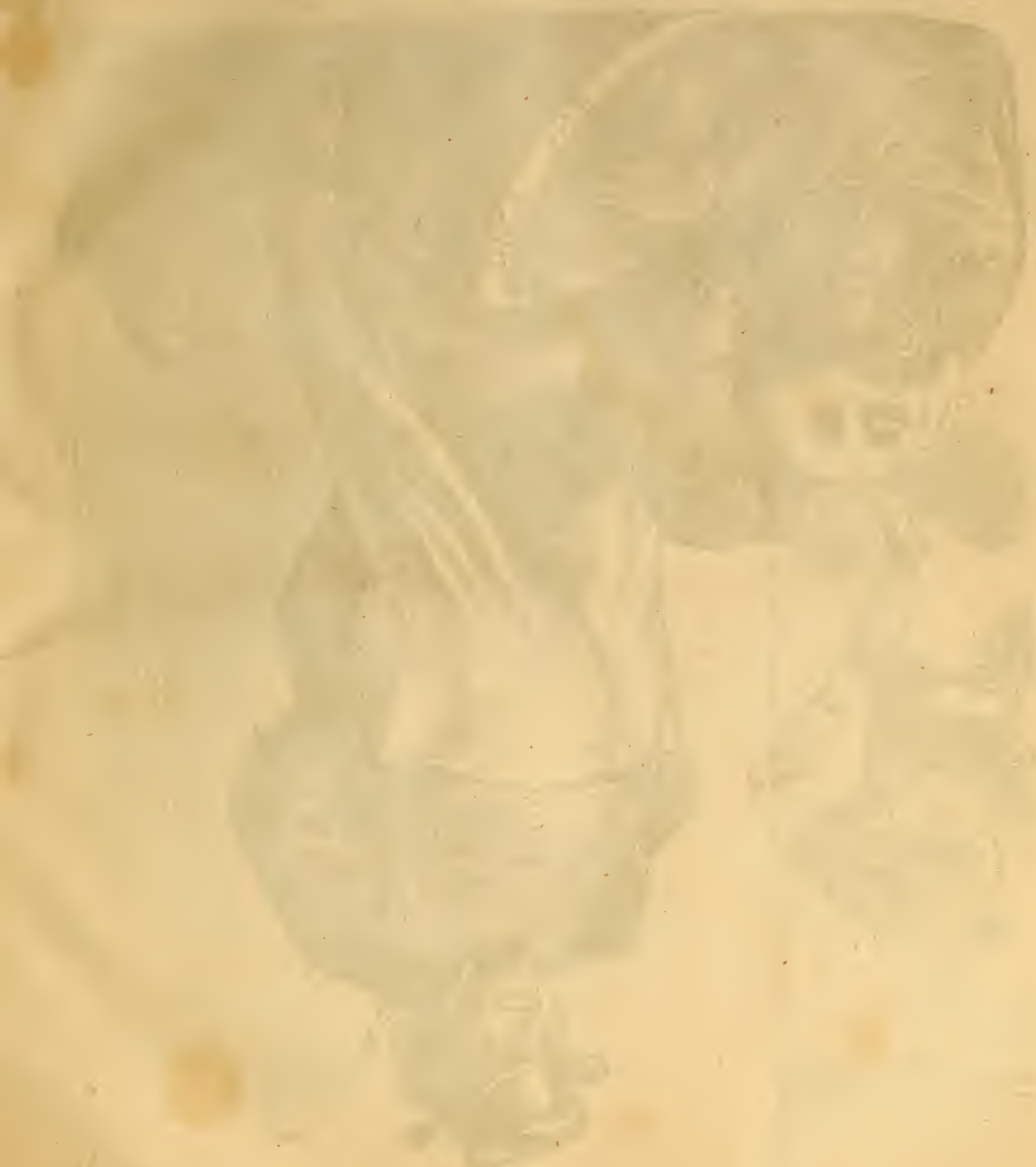
*Mother Martinet (to the reluctant P*k*ngt*n)*:—"OH, DON'T TAKE AWAY MY FAVOURITE CAT! I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT THE PET!" [*But he couldn't well help himself.*

A CLIPPING IDEA.

Imperial Liberator (unchaining eagle):—"I THINK *NOW* WE MAY SAFELY GIVE HIM HIS FREEDOM!"

DIRT AND DIGNITY.

THIS IS THE NAUGHTY BOY THAT MADE A DIRT-PIE AND HAD TO EAT IT!



PUCK'S GIRDLE COMPLETED.

THAT ELECTRIC SPARK *HAS* PUT A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH.

THE NEW MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC.

Venice (to Victor):—"LONG WAITED FOR, WELCOME AT LAST!"

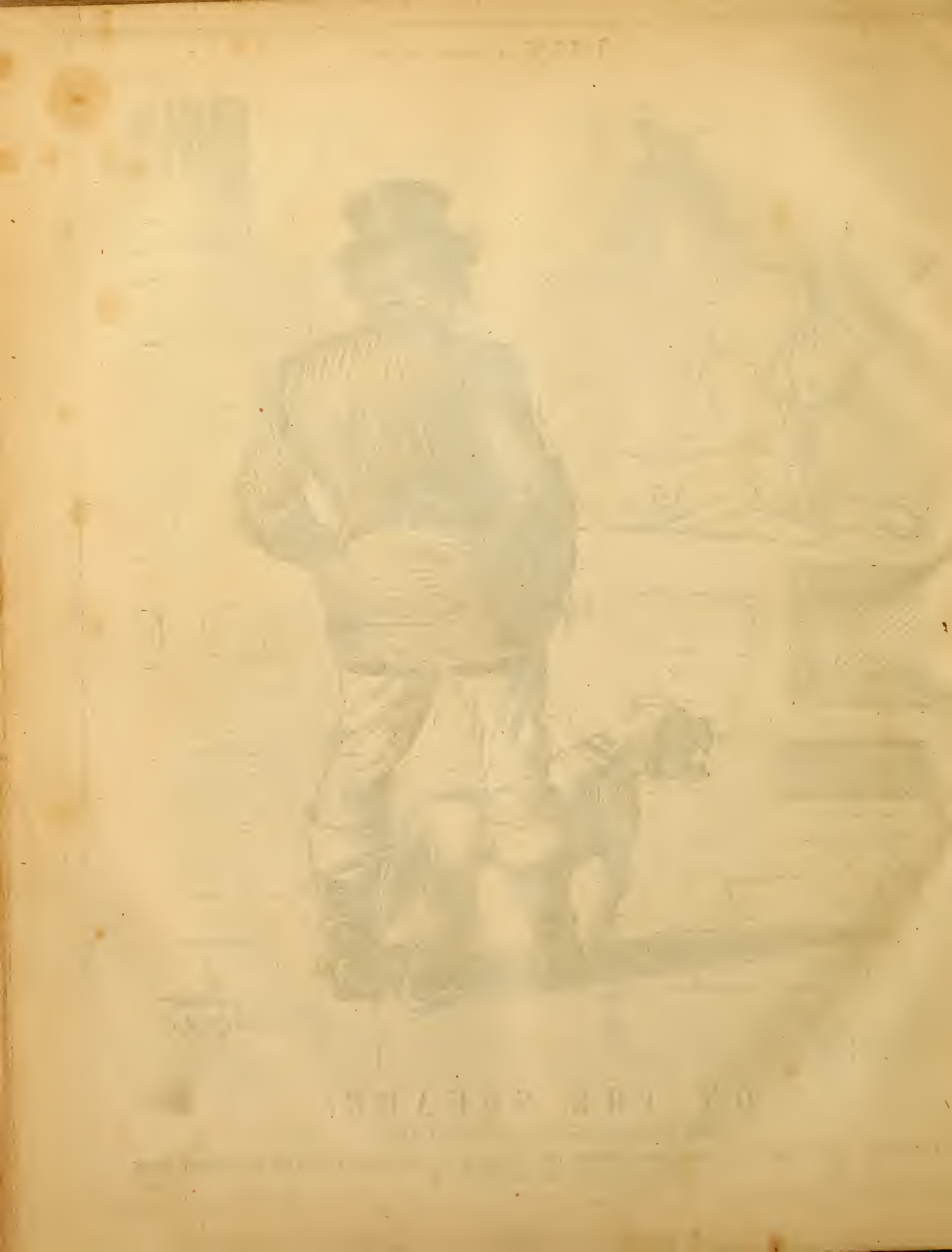
MY STARS!

JOHN BULL'S VIEW OF THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

ON THE SQUARE?

(Mr. Bull's opinion when the Lions arrived at last.)

"HUMPH! LIKE THE GOVERNMENT'S VIEWS ON REFORM;—ONE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW THEY'RE GOING TO TURN OUT!"



POLITICAL MILLINERY.

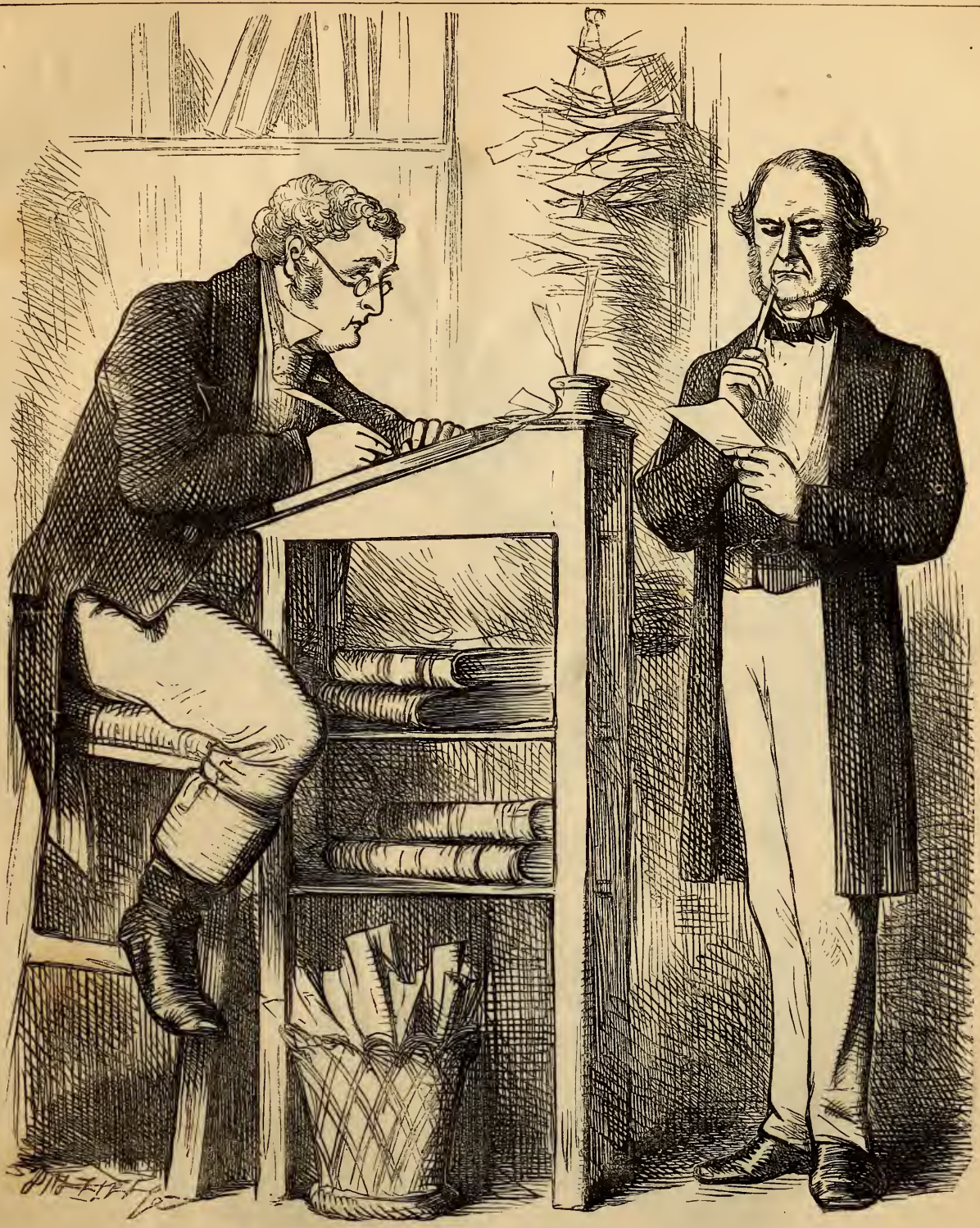
Miss G.:—"YOU SHA'N'T DRESS YOUR DOLL LIKE THAT!"
Miss D.:—"YOU'RE NOT TO DICTATE TO ME, MISS!"
B. in the background:—"AH, I THOUGHT IT WOULD COME TO THIS, THEY BEGAN SO AMICABLY!"

WITH A HOOK!

*D*rby*:—"IT'S NO USE! THEY WON'T BITE!"
*D*zzy*:—"VERY ODD! THEY WERE RISING SO FREELY JUST NOW!"

THE NEW FAVOURITE.

Trainer (*Mr. Gl*d*st*ne*):—"THERE, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THE HORSE WE MEAN WINNING WITH!"



TAKING STOCK.

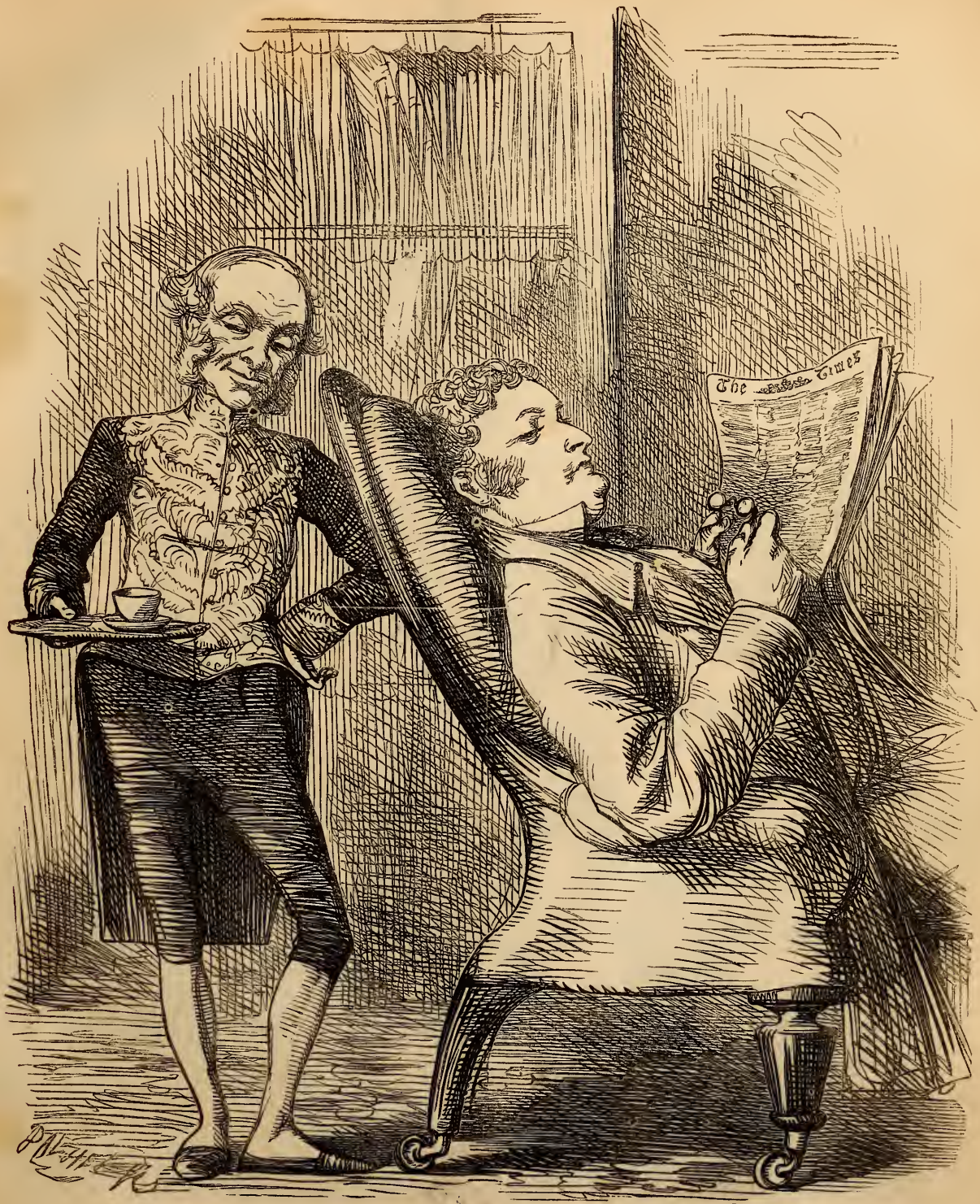
Mr. Bull (to Cashier):—ONLY FIVE! WELL, MR. G., WITH SUCH A SMALL BALANCE AS THAT, WOULDN'T IT BE BEST TO SHUT UP THE HOUSE AND GO TO THE COUNTRY?"

JOHNSON AND JUSTICE.

Justice (to the President):—"STAND FIRM! I AM WITH YOU!"

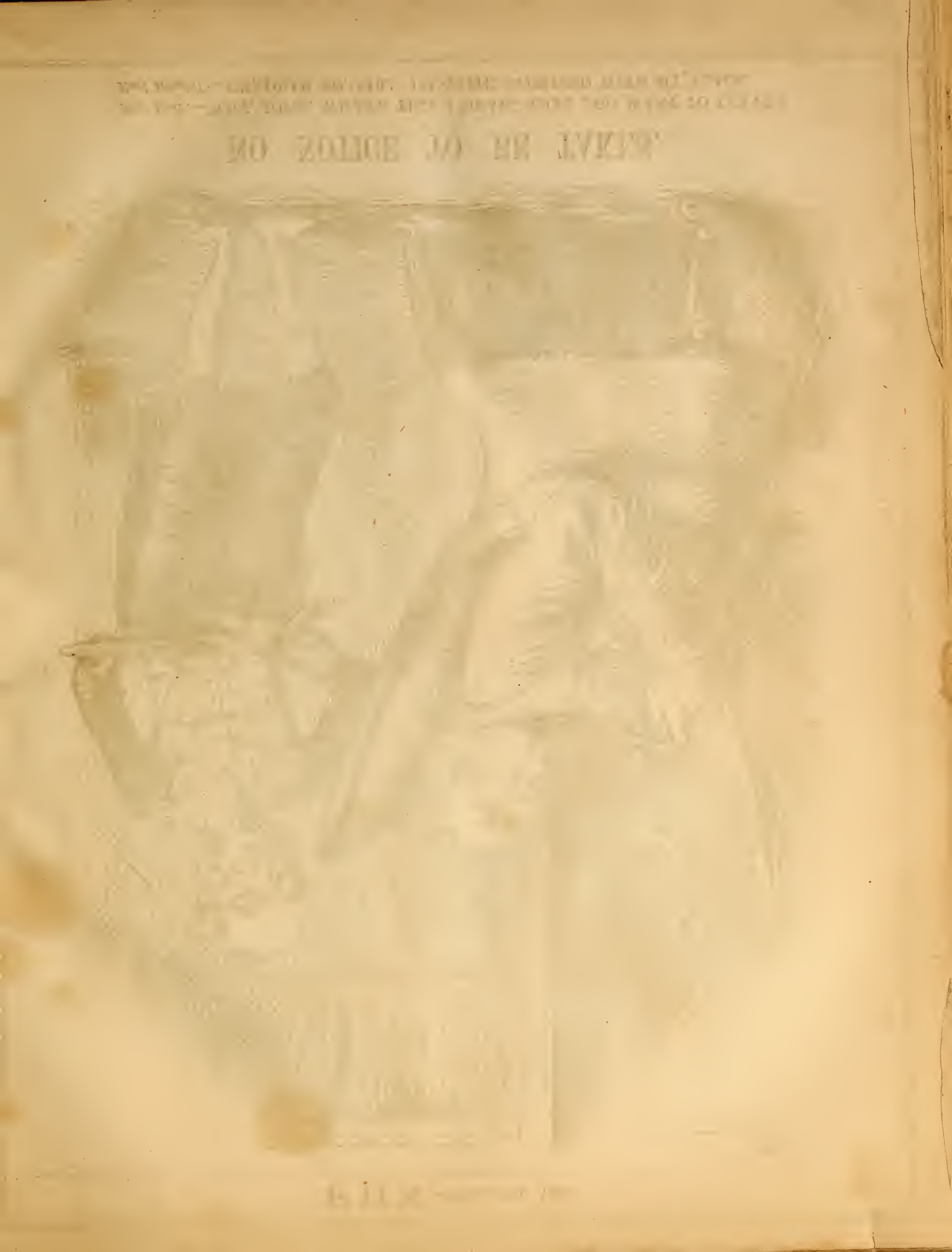
THE MODERN ST. PATRICK.

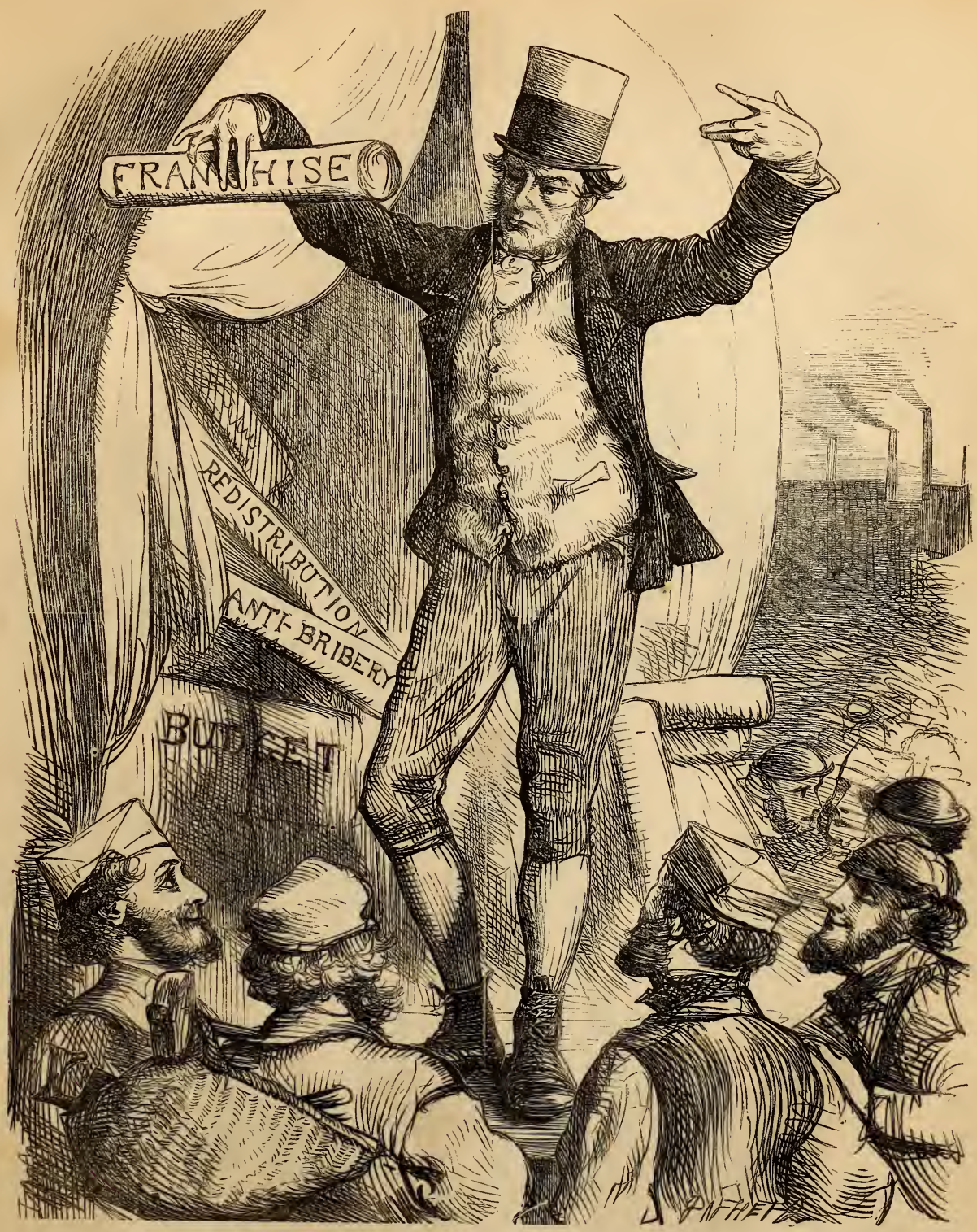
OR HOW THE VICEROY DROVE OUT ALL THE VERMIN.



NO NOTICE TO BE TAKEN.

Mr. Bull:—WHY, JOHN, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR—THAT YOU WANT TO LEAVE?
*Earl R*ss*ll*:—OH, DEAR NO, SIR! I'M QUITE SATISFIED WITH MY PLACE.





DR. MARIGOLD IN LANCASHIRE.

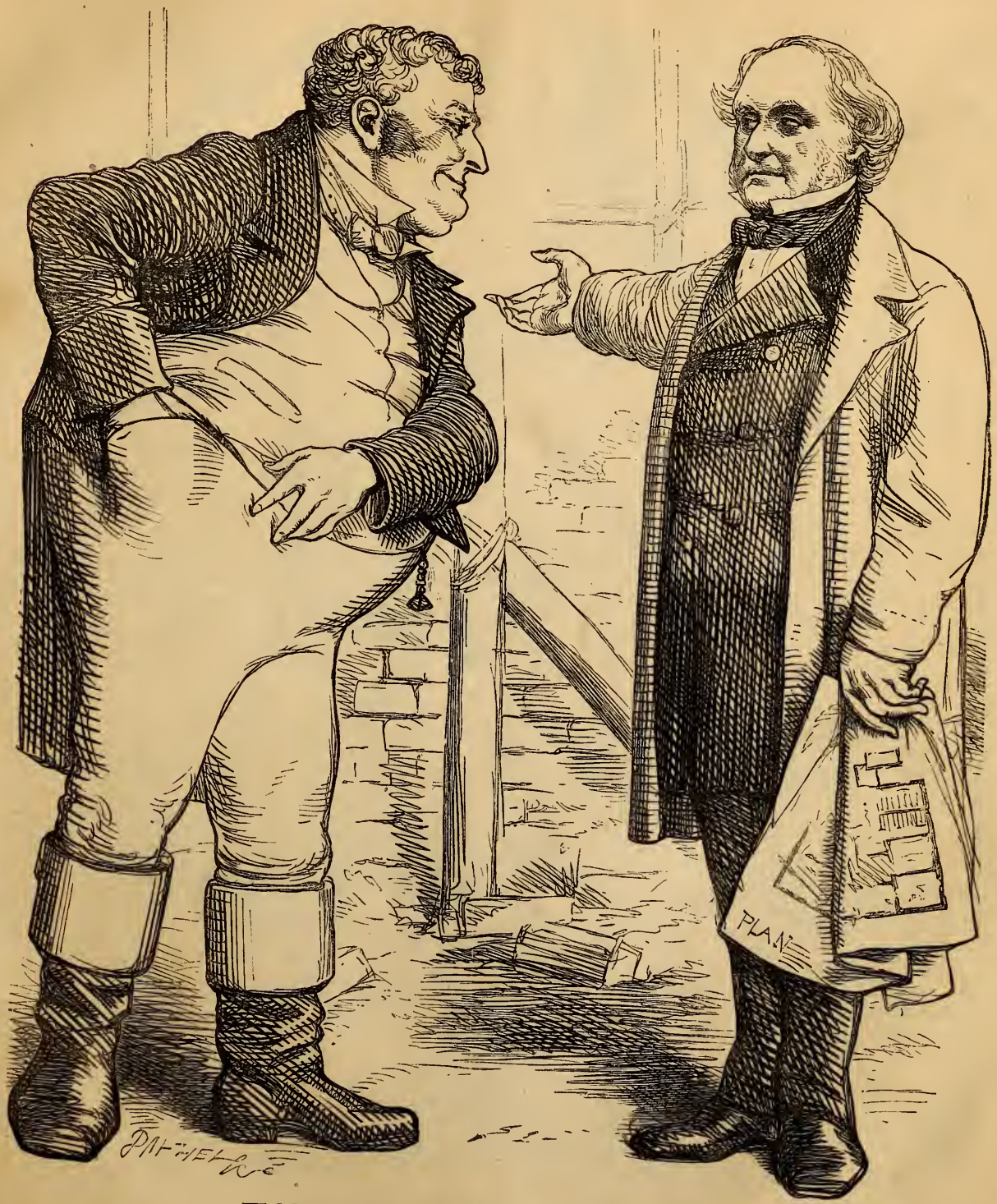
*Gl*dst*ne:*—"NOW, I OFFER YOU THIS LOT FOR WHAT? FOR TEN POUNDS? SHALL WE SAY NINE POUNDS? NOT SO MUCH! EIGHT? LESS! SEVEN POUNDS! YOU SHALL HAVE IT FOR SEVEN. SEVEN POUNDS! I ASK NO MORE AND I TAKE NO LESS!"

THE ASYLUM OF PEACE.

Exile from the Continent:—"AH, DEAR BRITANNIA, IT IS WITH YOU, ONLY, I CAN BE CERTAIN OF A SAFE HOME!"

"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT"—

Austria:—"GIVE IT ME;—I WON IT!"
Prussia:—"I SHAN'T! I'VE GOT IT!"
Nap (*to Italy*):—"NOW, FRIEND, WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS YOU CAN SEIZE WHAT YOU WANT!"



HOW TO TAKE A HINT.

John Bull:—"WELL, MR. PEABODY, AFTER YOUR SECOND SPLENDID DONATION, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S MY TURN TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE POOR?"

BRITANNIA'S VALENTINE.

THROUGH SUN AND SHADE, THROUGH CALM AND STORM,
TO GUIDE YOU TO YON BLEST REFORM,

THAT TASK, OH! FAIREST MAID, IS MINE,
SO I MUST BE YOUR VALENTINE.

R*ss*ll.

THE BELLE OF THE SESSION.

Mrs. Earl Russell:—"WELL, MY DEAR, I HAVE PROMISED NOW THAT YOU SHALL COME OUT NEXT SEASON."

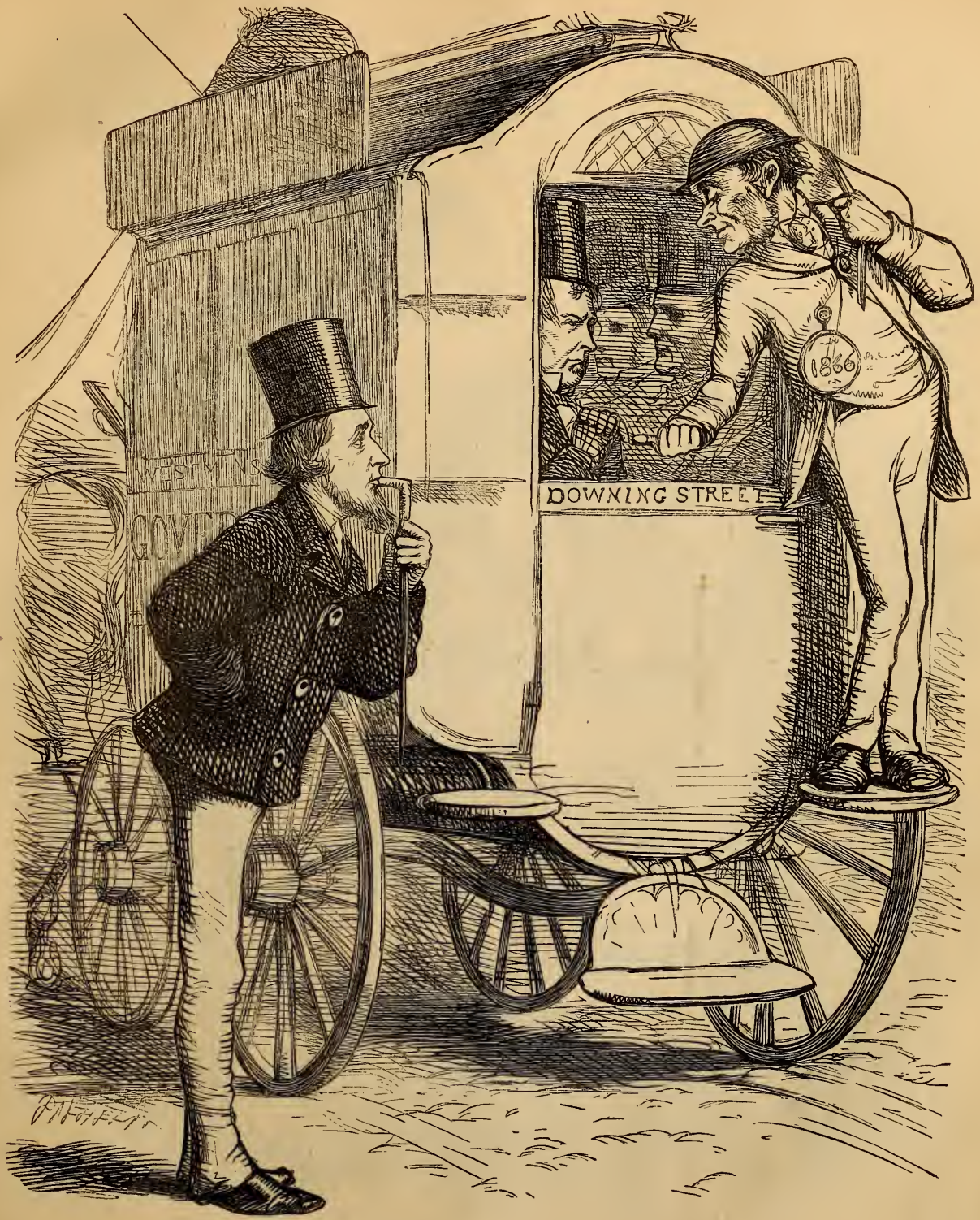
(*And high time, too!*)

THE RIGHT "CHRISTMAS NUMBER."

ANYTHING BUT NUMBER ONE.

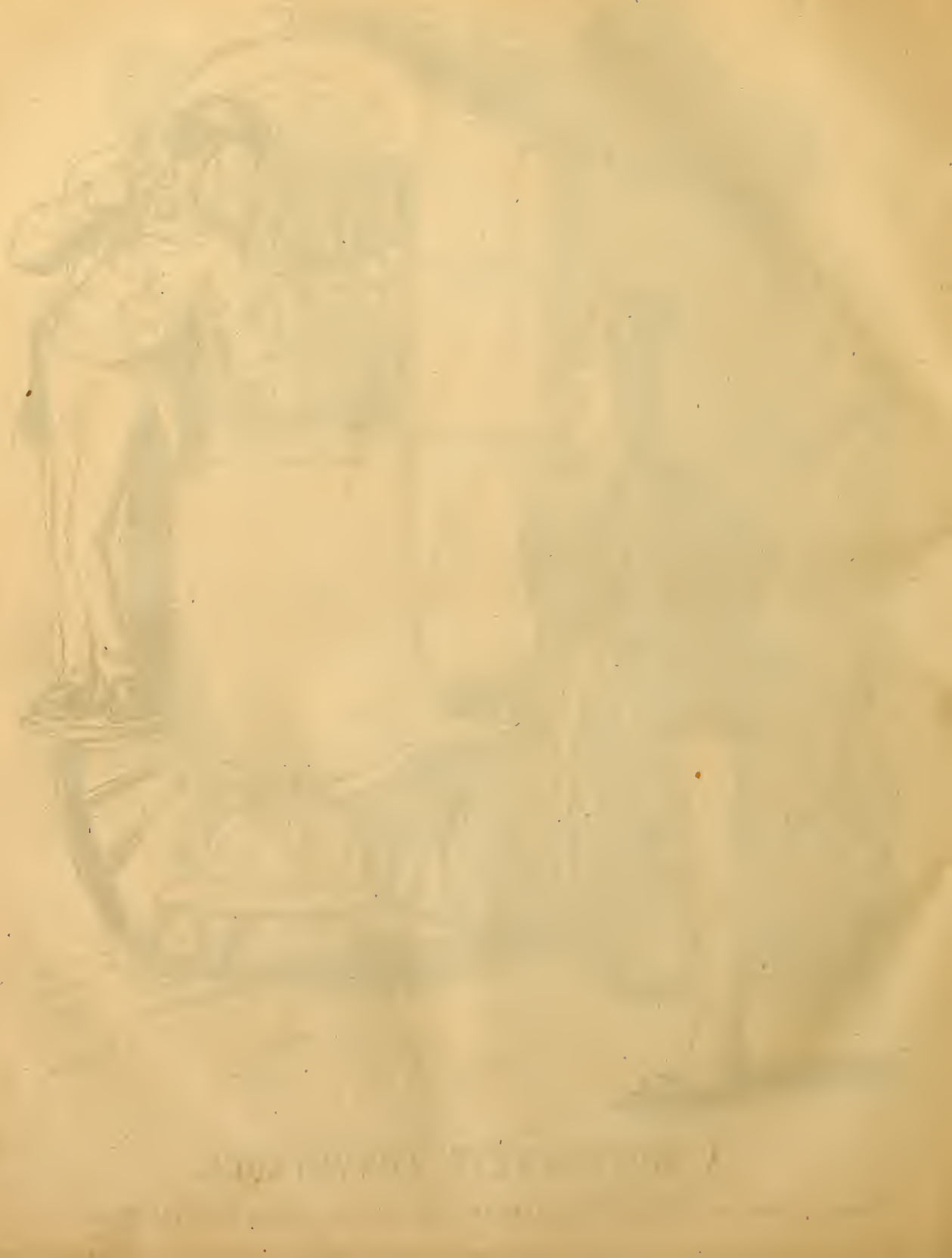
BRITANNIA'S PETS.

FROM THE (EX)TRADITIONAL FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.



A GOVERNMENT CONVEYANCE.

Conductor Russell:—"WILL ANY GENTLEMAN GET OUT TO OBLIGE MR. STANSFELD?"



WATCHING FOR AN OPENING.

*Mr. Bull (to Lord Cr*nw*rth)*:—"WELL, I HOPE *THIS* WILL BE A GOOD ONE!"

A HARMLESS INSTRUMENT.

Constable Bull:—"HERE, I SAY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TRYING TO INTIMIDATE PEOPLE WITH THAT, EH?"

*Master W*lp*le*:—"OH, SIR—PLEASE, IT AIN'T LOADED!"

A RETIRING DISPOSITION.

Coriolanus (Mr. Gl*dst*ne :—"I banish you :—
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts."

A RETIRING DISPOSITION.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

Shylock ~~*Othello*~~, Mr. D*sra*li. *Antonio*, Mr. Br*ght. *Bassanio*, Mr. Gl*dst*ne.

Othello (*to Antonio*):—"Why look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants . . . and you'll not hear me!"

A REPOSING DISPOSITION.

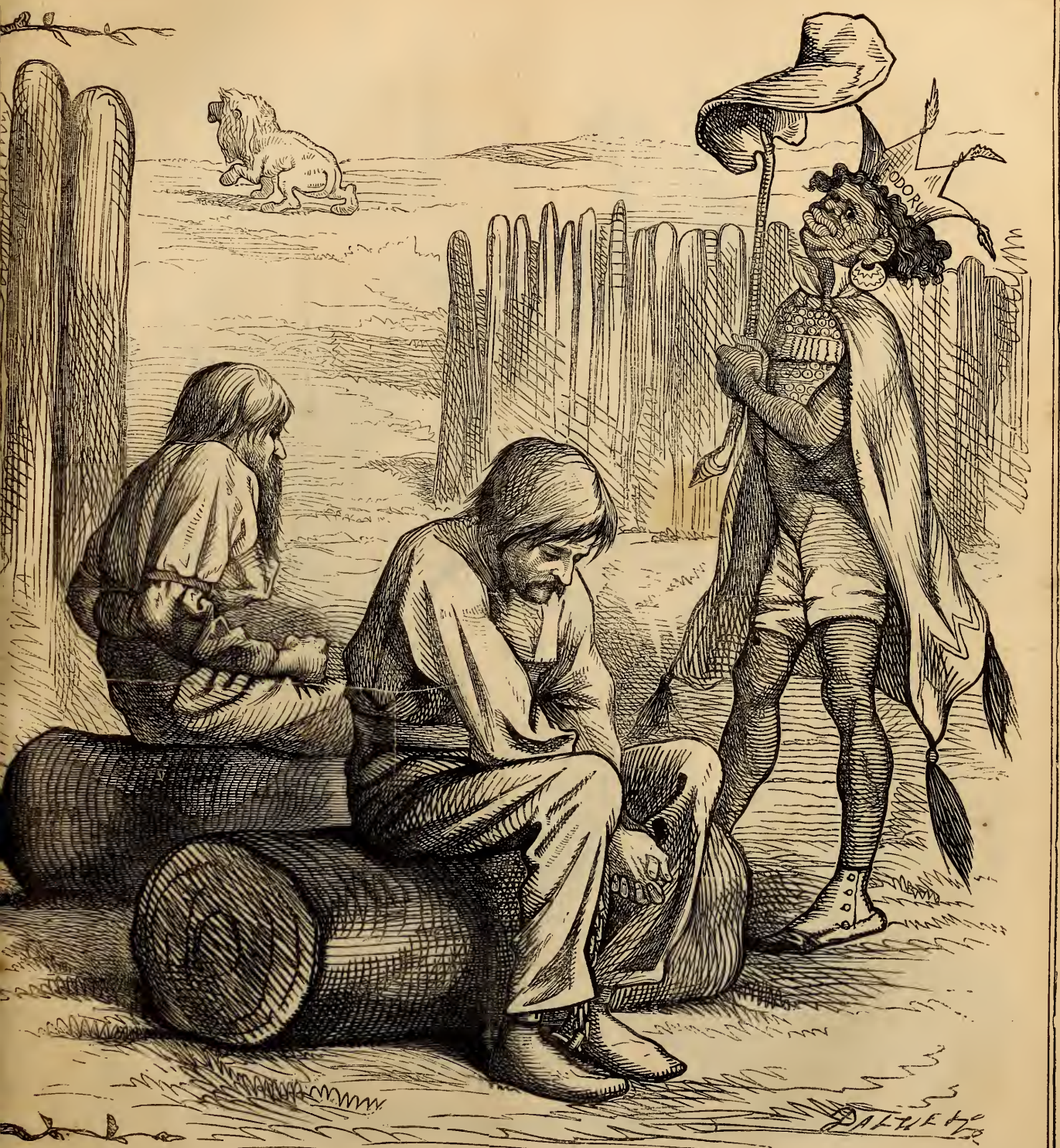
THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

Shylock ~~Othello~~, Mr. D*sra*li. *Antonio*, Mr. Br*ght. *Bassanio*, Mr. Gl*dst*ne.

Othello (*to Antonio*):—"Why look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants . . . and you'll not hear me!"

AS DRAWN BY NATIVE ARTISTS.

THE LION



AS SEEN IN ABYSSINIA.

ENGLAND.

THE "MILL"-ENNIUM.

The Honourable Member for Westminster.—"I BEG TO PROPOSE—THE LADIES!"

A FISHY CASE.

*Colonel T*yl*r*:—"A SPLENDID HAUL! ONE-AND-TWENTY AT LEAST!"
*D*sr**li* (*Aside*):—"SOME ONE COMING! (*Aloud*) I KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR NET PROCEEDS."

[*Enter P. C. Osb*rne. Sensation.*

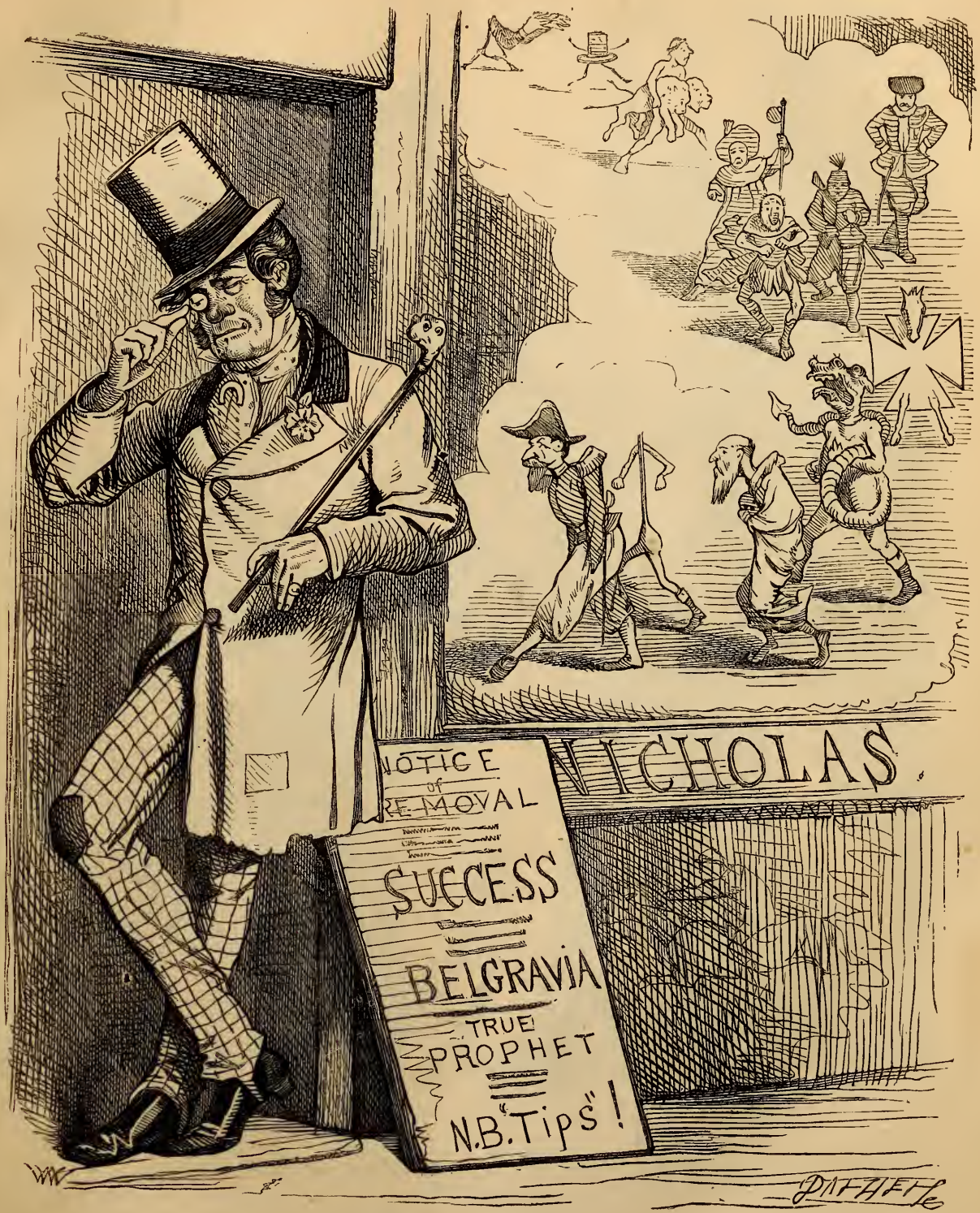
"SECURING" THE SUFFRAGE.

Crafty Benjamin:—"NOW, GENTS, HERE'S A HANDSOME REFORM BILL PURSE! BUT THAT AIN'T ALL. TO SHOW YOU HOW OBLIGING I AM, I'LL PUT INTO IT THIS LITTLE GOLDEN HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE. THERE YOU ARE! GOING CHEAP! WHO'LL BUY?"

Mr. Gladstone (*to intending purchaser*):—"DON'T! HE'LL SLIP THE COIN UP HIS SLEEVE!"

AN AWKWARD MOUNT.

*Mr. Bull (to Gl*dst*ne, who is put up for "Liberal Party"):*—"YOU TWO DON'T SEEM TO GET ON WELL; BUT THAT HORSE HAS GOT ALL THE WINNING IN HIM, IF YOU CAN ONLY GET HIM ALONG!"



NICHOLAS'S DERBY PROPHECY.

THE RIVAL CONDUCTORS.

Dizzy (Conductor of the "Old Blue") to Mrs. Britannia:—"BETTER GO WITH US, MA'AM:—*WE'RE GOING JUST AS FAR AS HE DOES!*"

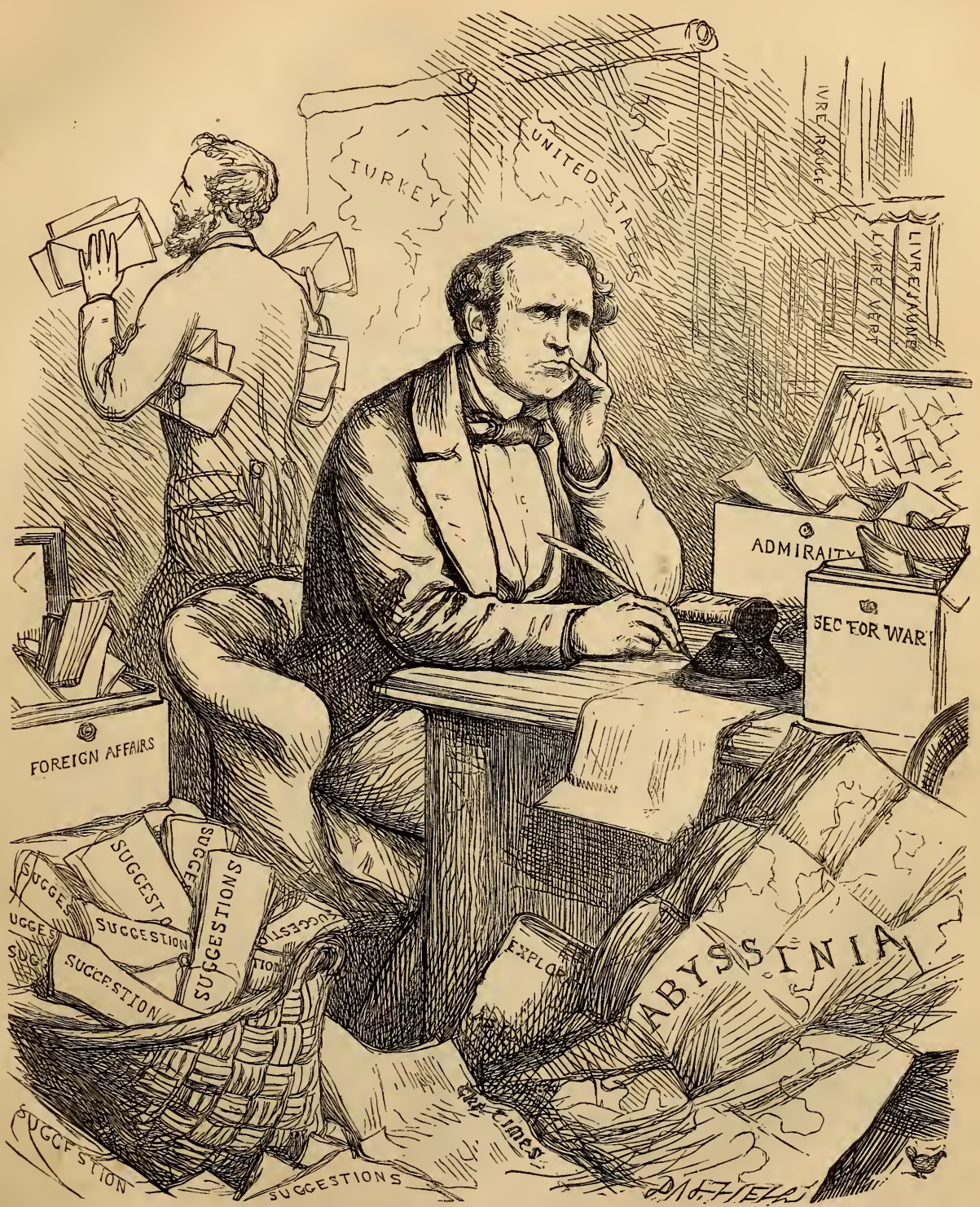
IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

Erin (to Mercy):—"SURE IT'S MIGHTY KIND OF MY SISTER ENGLAND—BUT I HOPE IT'S NOT ALL SHE'S GOING TO DO FOR ME!"

[*And perhaps if England would do her Justice, we should hear no more of disaffection.*

OUT!

(BUT IT WAS THE UNDERHAND BOWLING THAT DID IT.)



RELAXATION.

"Lord Stanley has left town for Knowsley for relaxation."—*Morning Post.*

A LITTLE BILL.

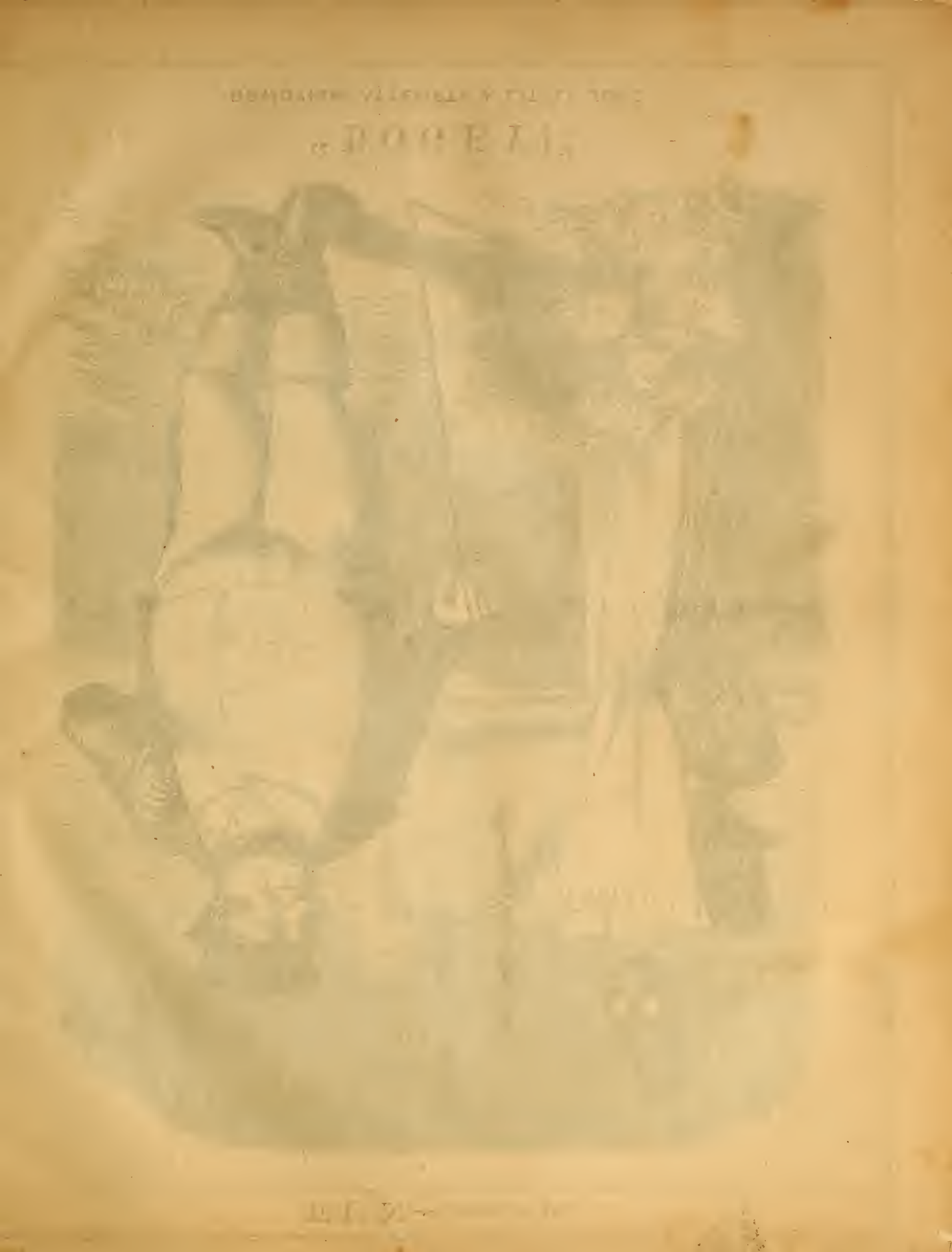
*Ch*nc*ll*r of Exch*qu*r* :—"WILL YOU OBLIGE ME BY JUST WRITING YOUR NAME ACROSS THIS LITTLE SLIP OF PAPER?—IT IS A MERE MATTER OF FORM."

VOLUNTEERING ADVICE.

*Fun (to Sir John P*k*ngt*n)*:—"COME, SIR, THE VOLUNTEERS WERE NOT INTENDED AS TOYS FOR POLITICAL PARTIES. HADN'T YOU BETTER TEAR UP THAT CIRCULAR OF YOURS?"

"BOGEY!"

ROWDYISM ATTEMPTS A LITTLE JOKE



BUDGET, BY GLADSTONE.

Mr. Bull:—"THERE, MY LADS, THAT'S MY FAVOURITE, AND THAT'S THE JOCKEY FOR ME."
Dizzy (despondingly):—"COME AWAY. WE SHAN'T BEAT THIS, DERBY."

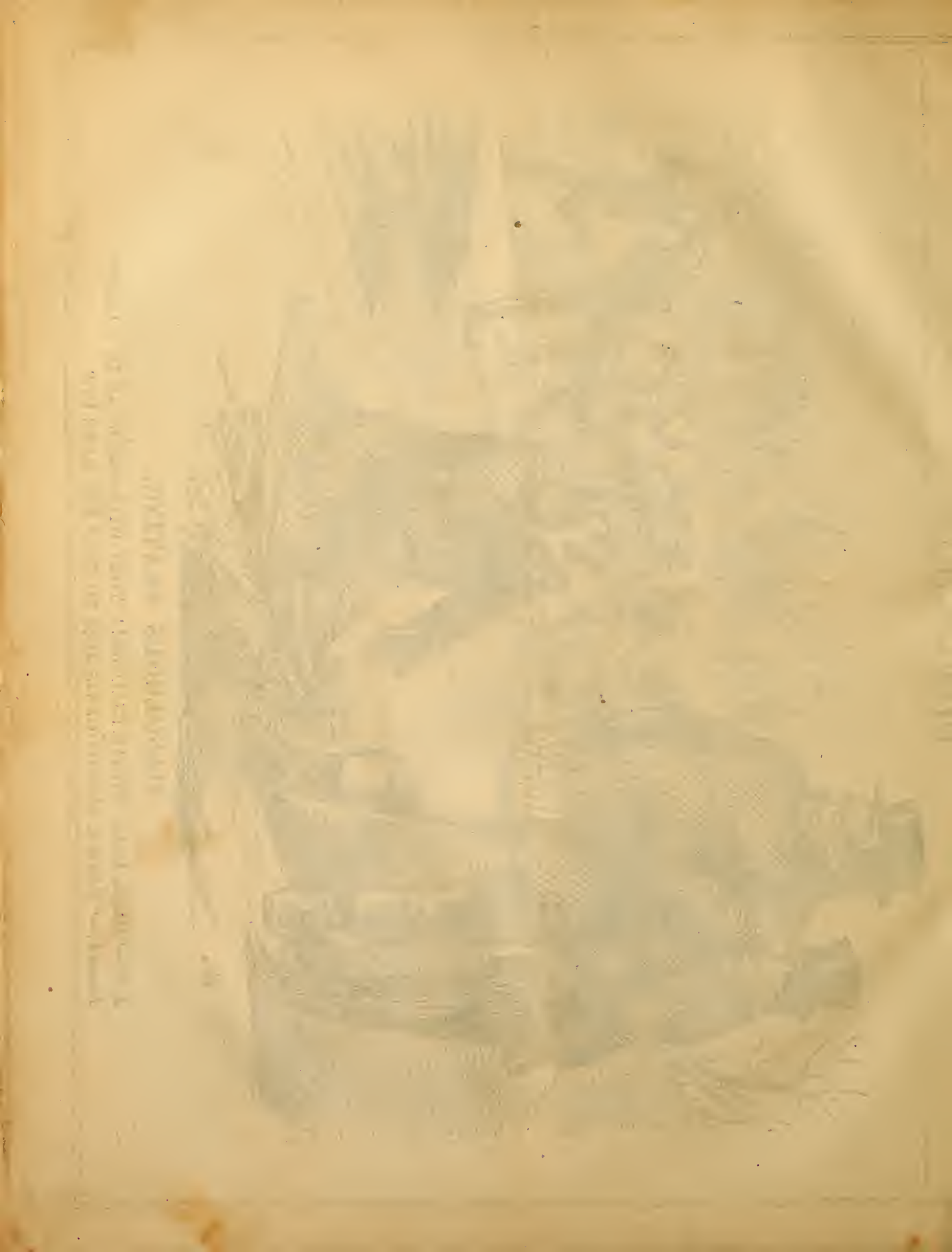
SLEEPING PARTNER.

"SEE-SAW."

DANGEROUS SKATING.

Bull:—"DEAR, DEAR—STUPID FELLOWS!! THEY WILL ALL BE IN IN A LUMP!"

Denmark:—"HAVE A PAIR ON GENTS, JUST TO KEEP THE GAME UP."



CONSERVATIVE BOWLERS.

Derby:—"I SAY, DIZZY, IF WE CAN'T GET 'EM OUT BY FAIR BALLS, WE MUST TRY FOUL."

THE RAILWAY SLEEPERS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE TAKEN UP.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Visitor from the Opposition Stable:—"MORNIN', JOHN; I JES' LOOKED UP, AS YOUR GOV'NOR DON'T HUNT THE COUNTRY NEXT SEASON, TO KNOW IF YOUR LITTLE DIGGINS HERE WAS TO LET?"

John:—"NO, BEN; GOV'NOR SAYS HE'S TOOK A NEW LEASE ON IT."

[*Delight of* Ben.

Sketch of the last (thank Heaven!) of that disgusting exhibition of Cockney brutality, miscalled Sport,

THE EPPING HUNT,

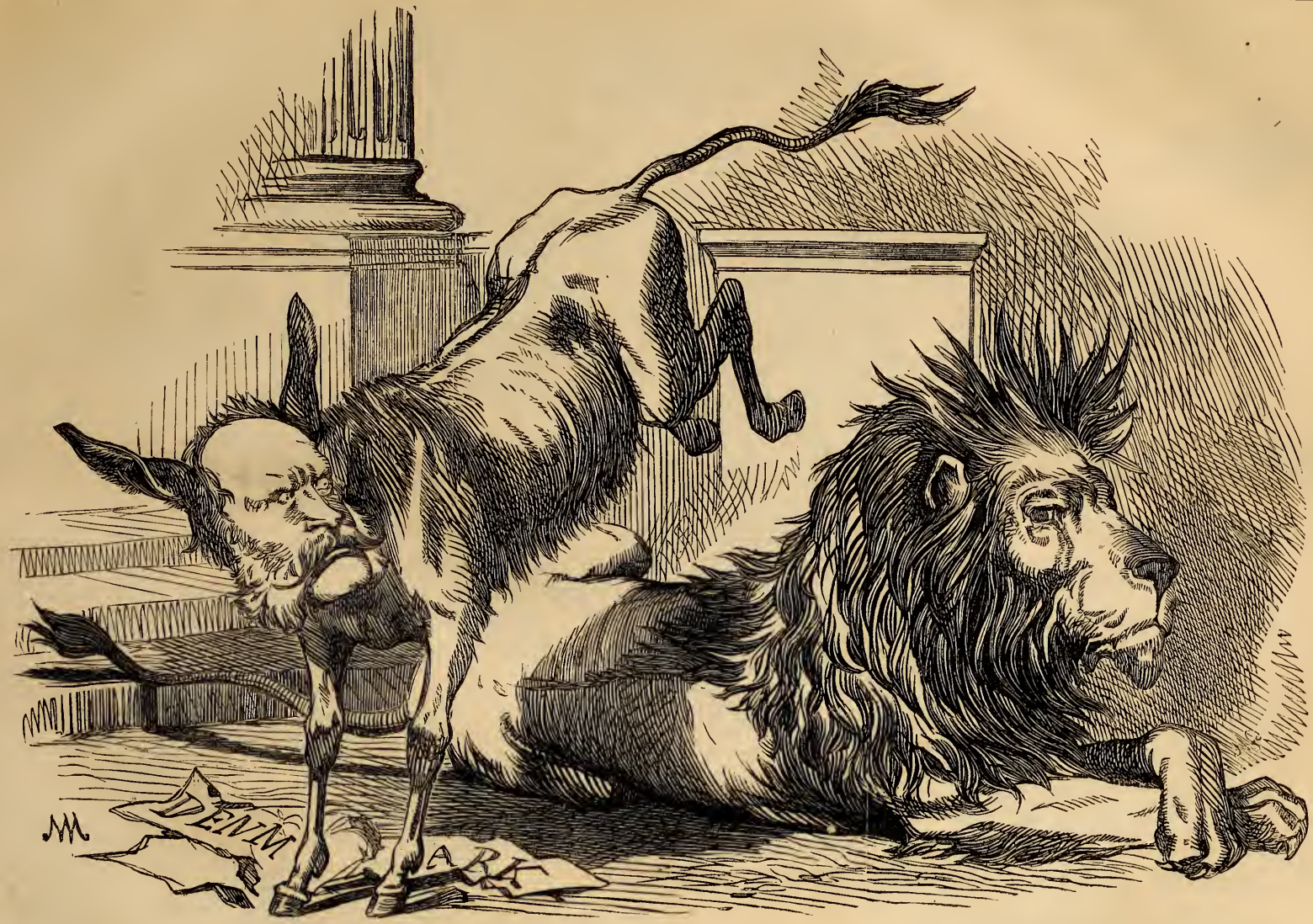
And if this is one of the uses to which the Royal Forest of Epping was annually put, Mr. Fun *is Conservative enough (for once) to be only too delighted that* IT IS TO BE ENCLOSED.

THE BATTLE OF HUSTINGS,

As now Performing at the (Polling) Booth.

The Bos'n of H.M.S "Government" .. LORD P. | Bendizzi the Bandit .. THE M.P. FOR BUCKS. | Unprotected Female .. MRS. BRITANNIA.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.



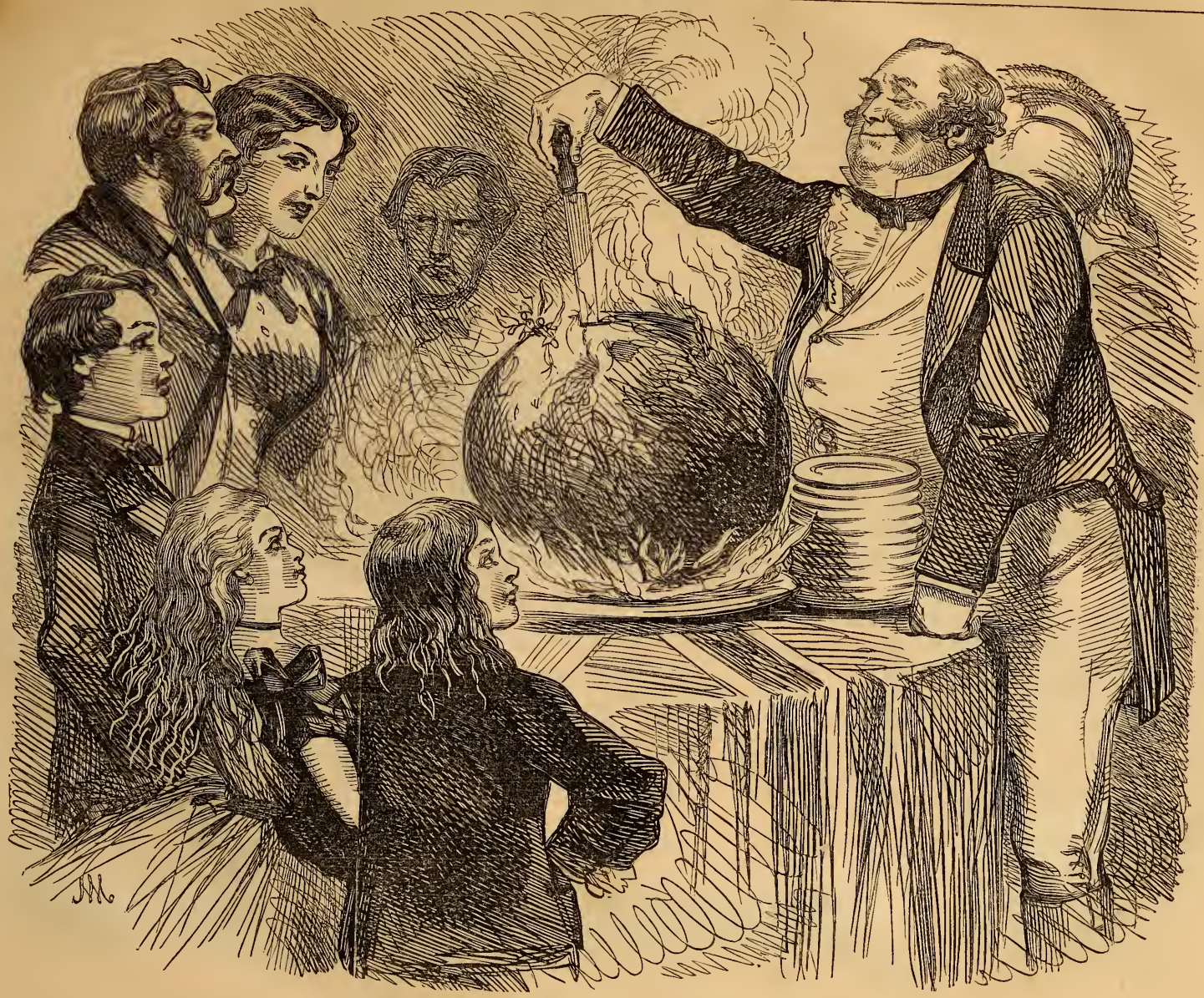
THE LION AND THE JACKASS.

Prussia:—"EH HOR! EH HOR! HE'LL STAND ANYTHING; HE HASN'T GOT A FIGHT IN HIM! EH HOR!!!"

THE MODERN MAZEPPA.

A PARLIAMENTARY PIC-NIC.

GOING INTO COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.



"ENGLAND'S CONGRESS."

DINER À LA PRUSSE.

Prussia (to Austria):—"THERE! I THINK THAT'S A FAIR DIVISION."

THE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Ruskin introduces his Model Servant to the British Nation.

OF THE SAME FAMILY.

Canada:—"'TIS YOUR OWN FAULT, SISTER COLUMBIA, THAT YOU ARE NOT AS WELL OFF AS I AM."

HONEST ABE'S RUDDER.

Abe:—"I'M BEING LICKED TARNATION WELL! ONLY 'COS MY RUDDER WON'T ACT."

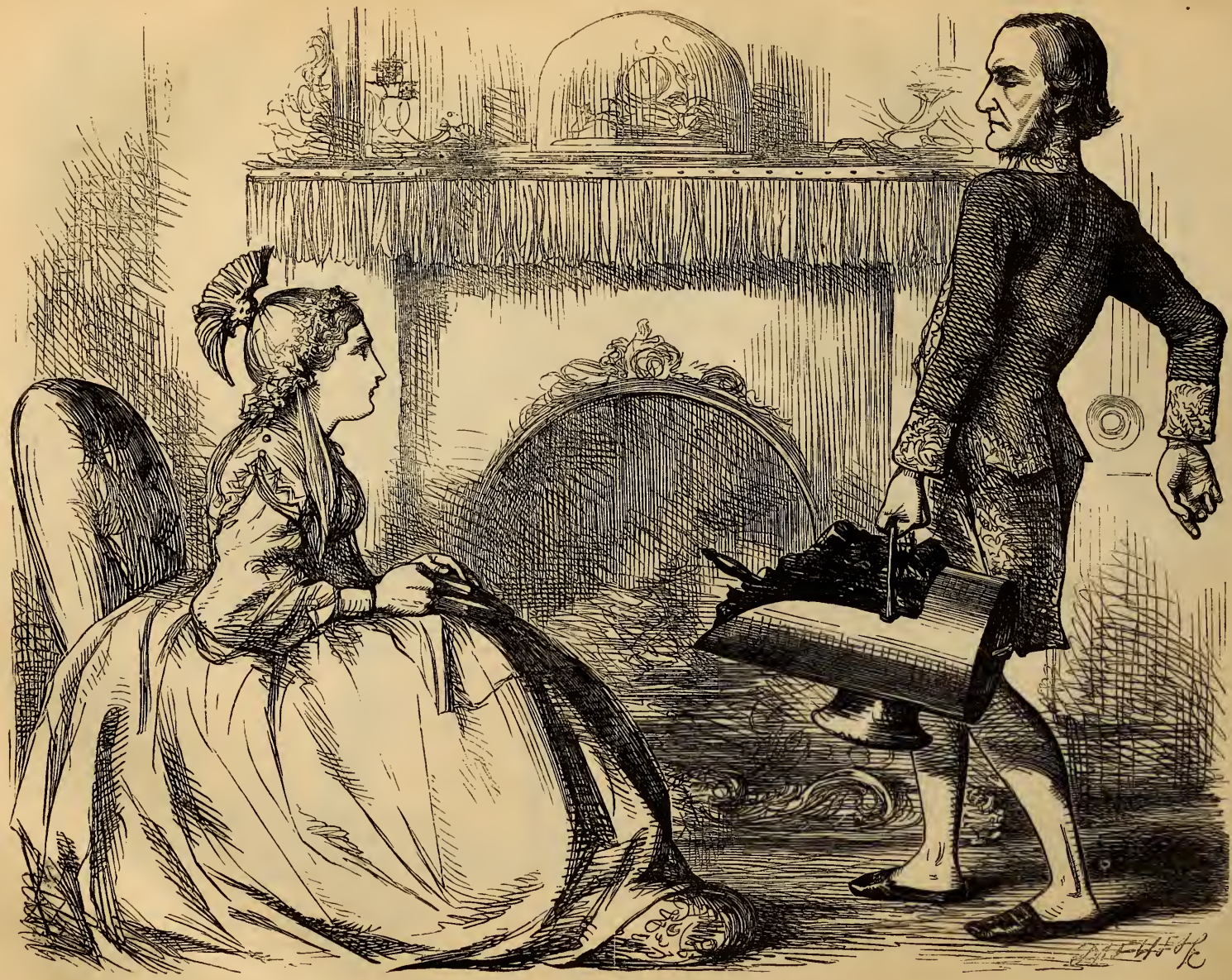
POLITICAL WHIST.

Garibaldi:—"I WISH I KNEW THAT FELLOW'S GAME. I WONDER IF HE IS GOING TO PLAY THE KNAVE?"

PAY AWAY, LADS!

THE IRISH RIP VAN WINKLE.

A Considerable Improvement in Twenty Years.



THE BRITISH COALFIELDS, LIMITED.

*Gl*dst*ne.*—"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, M'M, THE COALS ARE RUNNING SHORT."

Mrs. Britannia:—"THEN, PLEASE, TAKE CARE THEY ARE NOT WASTED, FOR I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE SHALL GET MORE!"

THE DRYADS OF DISFRANCHISEMENT.

Chorus of Dryads (by M.P.'s for threatened Boroughs):—"OH, WOODMAN, SPARE *THIS* TREE!"

BULL AND BEEF.

John (to his Fat Friend):—"WELL, OLD CHAP, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL, IN SPITE OF THE RINDERPEST!"

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THE MINISTRY WHILE THEIR REFORM BILL IS ON TRIAL.

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE!

*B*sm*rck* :—"SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY OF OUR RHENISH DISHES—LET ME OFFER YOU SOME OF THIS?"
*N*p*le*n* :—"THANK YOU! I SHALL BE CHARMED TO HAVE A PIECE!"

BRITANNIA AT BARNSLEY.

Britannia (to the Widows and Orphans):—"I CANNOT SIT DOWN BY MY CHRISTMAS FIRE UNTIL I HAVE DONE SOMETHING FOR *YOU!*"

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

Old Mother Goose (*picking her goose*) :—"AH! THEY MAY TALK ABOUT THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE; BUT I RATHER THINK I HAVE BROUGHT IT TO A STAND-STILL!"

LE SOMMEIL DE JUPITER SUR LE MONT IDA

A NOSE PUT OUT OF JOINT.

Erin (to John Bull):—"SURE, YOU'LL PURTECT ME FROM THIS IMPOORTED BLAYGYARD, THAT WANTS TO PUT THE COMETHER UPON ME, THAT'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WID HIM AT ALL, AT ALL!"

RETURN TO ... 202 Hut 100 of 2076

THE DUCKS (AND DRAKES) OF DIRECTORS.

Chorus (Air:—"*That's the way the money goes*"):—"FLING AWAY, BOYS! LOTS MORE WHERE THIS COMES FROM!"

THE BOXER (OLD BRINDLE) OR BULLENBEISSER

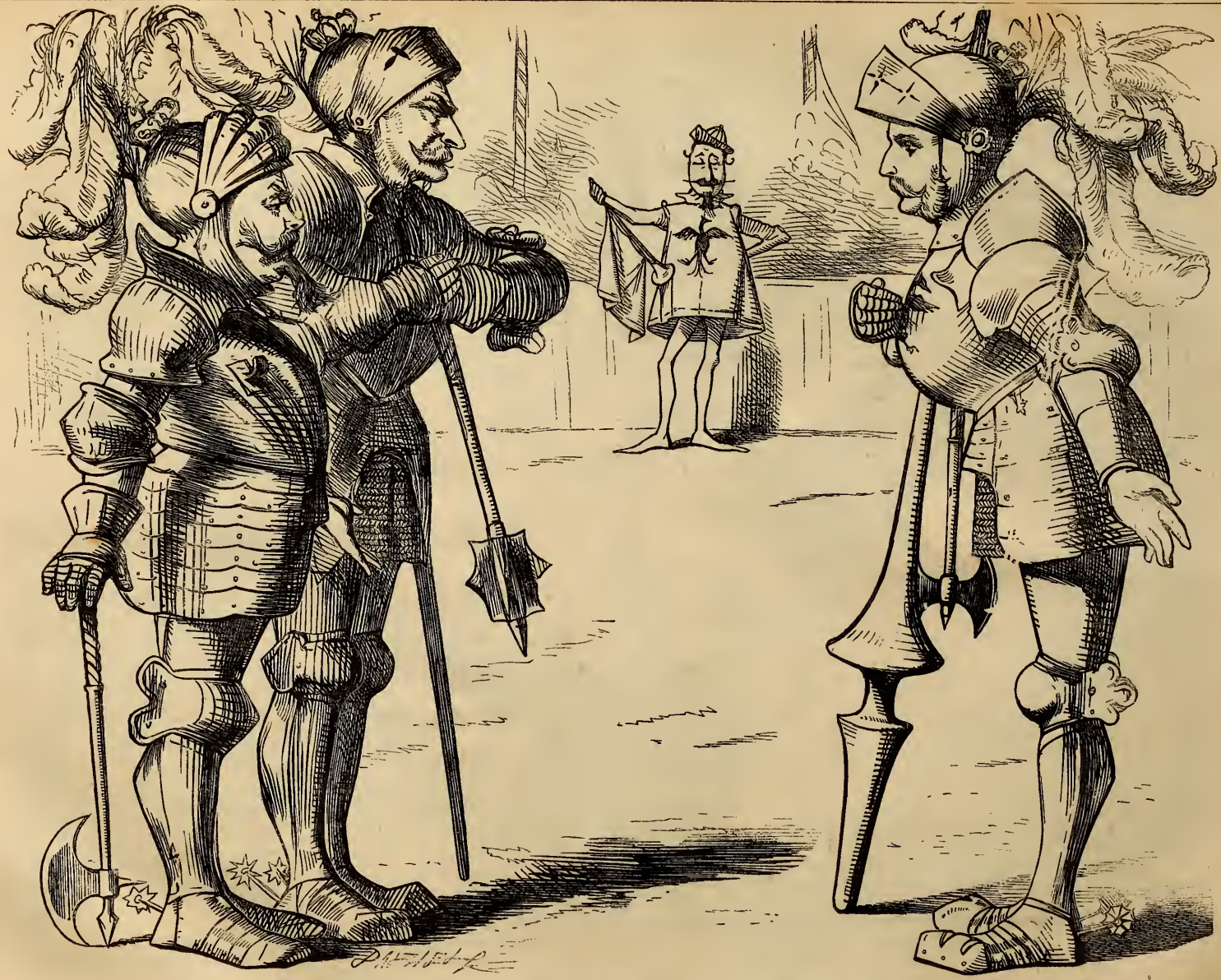
SONS OF HARMONY.

*First Fiddle (Earl R*ss*ll)*:—"WE SHOULD GET ON BETTER, MR. B., IF YOU TOOK YOUR TIME FROM ME, AND DIDN'T PLAY SO LOUD."

THE WORKHOUSE MRS. GAMP.

Pauper Nurse:—"SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MUM, BUT THAT CHILD——"

Superintendent:—"OH, BOTHER THE CHILD! IT'S NO USE ITS BEING ILL WHEN I HAVE A FEW FRIENDS TO TEA!"



A PEACE DEMONSTRATION.

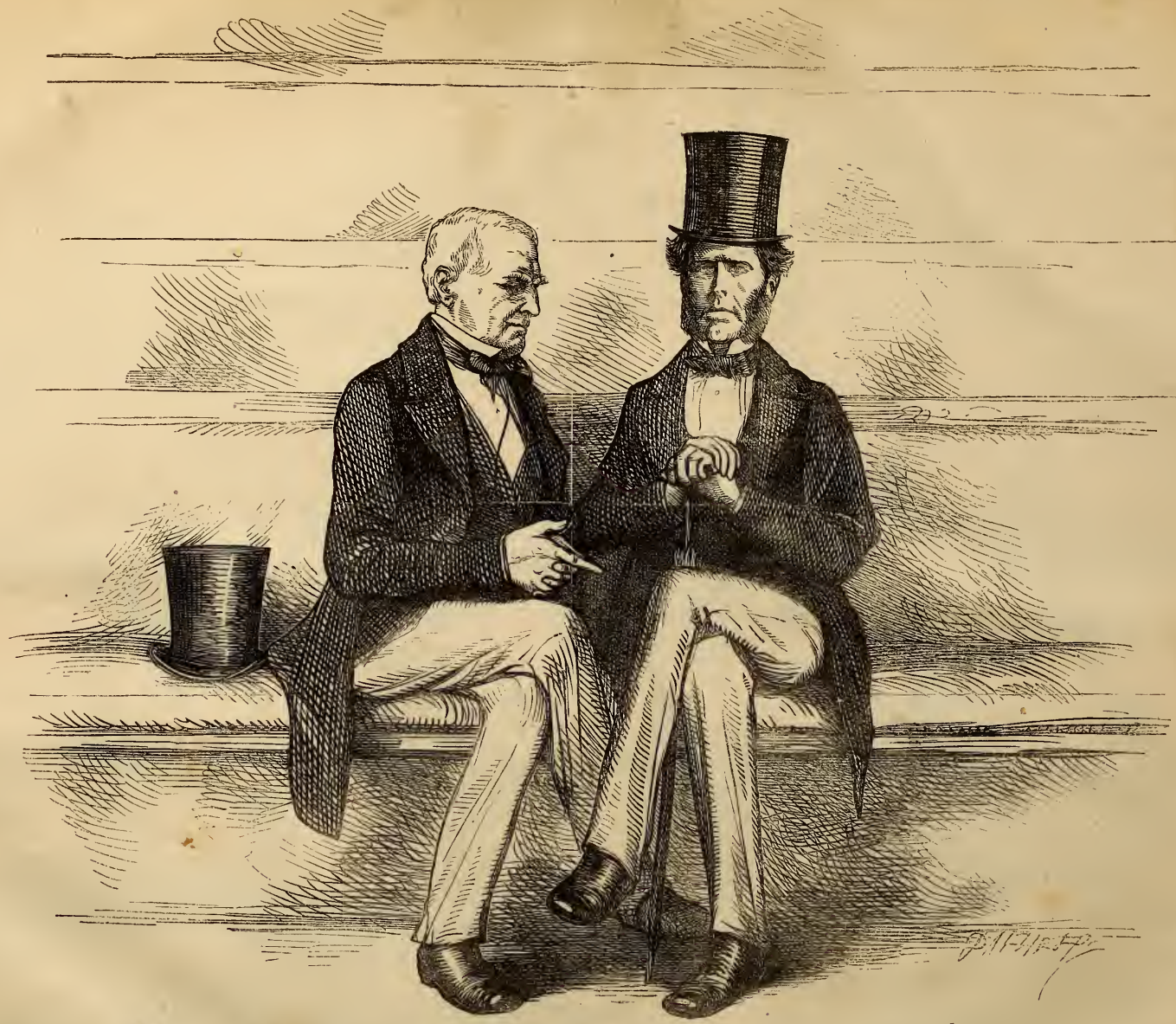
Austria:—"I ASSURE YOU IT IS WITH THE MOST PEACEABLE INTENTIONS THAT I ASSUME THIS POSITION."
Prussia and Italy:—"PURELY PACIFIC MOTIVES ACTUATE US IN TAKING ARMS!"

THE THREE WITCHES.

(*Chorus of Continental Powers.*)

FOR A CHARM OF POWERFUL TROUBLE,
LIKE A HELL-BROTH BOIL AND BUBBLE.

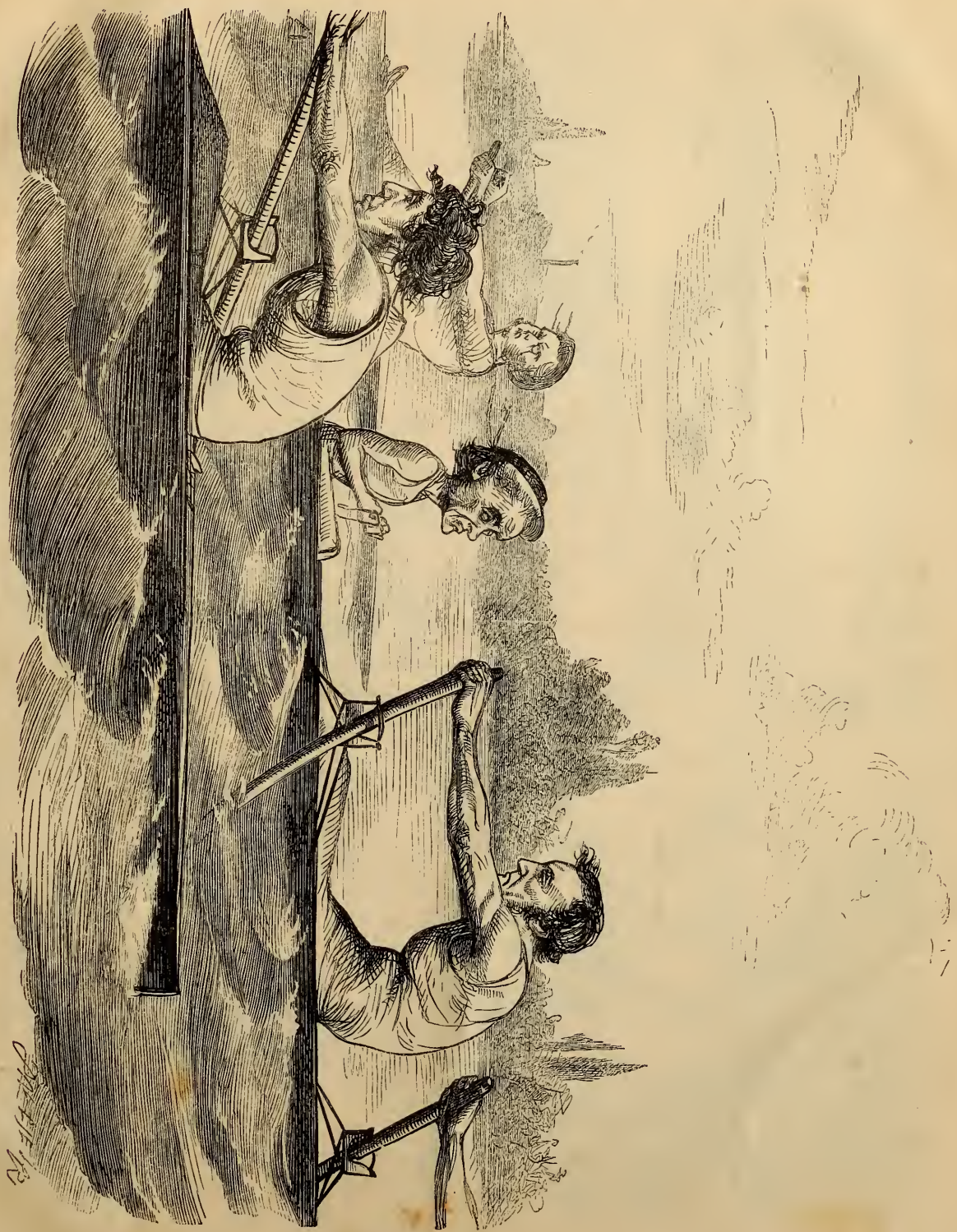
DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE,
FIRE, BURN: AND, CAULDRON, BUBBLE!



MR. LOWE'S PARTY—SMALL AND EARLY!

"It is a serious thing that I cannot secure a seat on this bench unless I come down at half-past 3 o'clock, and I have come down at half-past 3 and found my place occupied. . . . . It would be a great comfort to us if we might be allowed to sit together and communicate with one another just as the supporters of the Government and the Opposition."—Mr. Horsman's *Speech, April 9th.*

THE COMING STRUGGLE.



Coxswain of the Government Boat:—"I'M AFRAID THERE'LL BE A FOUL!"

THE VISION OF NICHOLAS.

OUR DERBY HIEROGLYPHIC.

JUN 1959

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